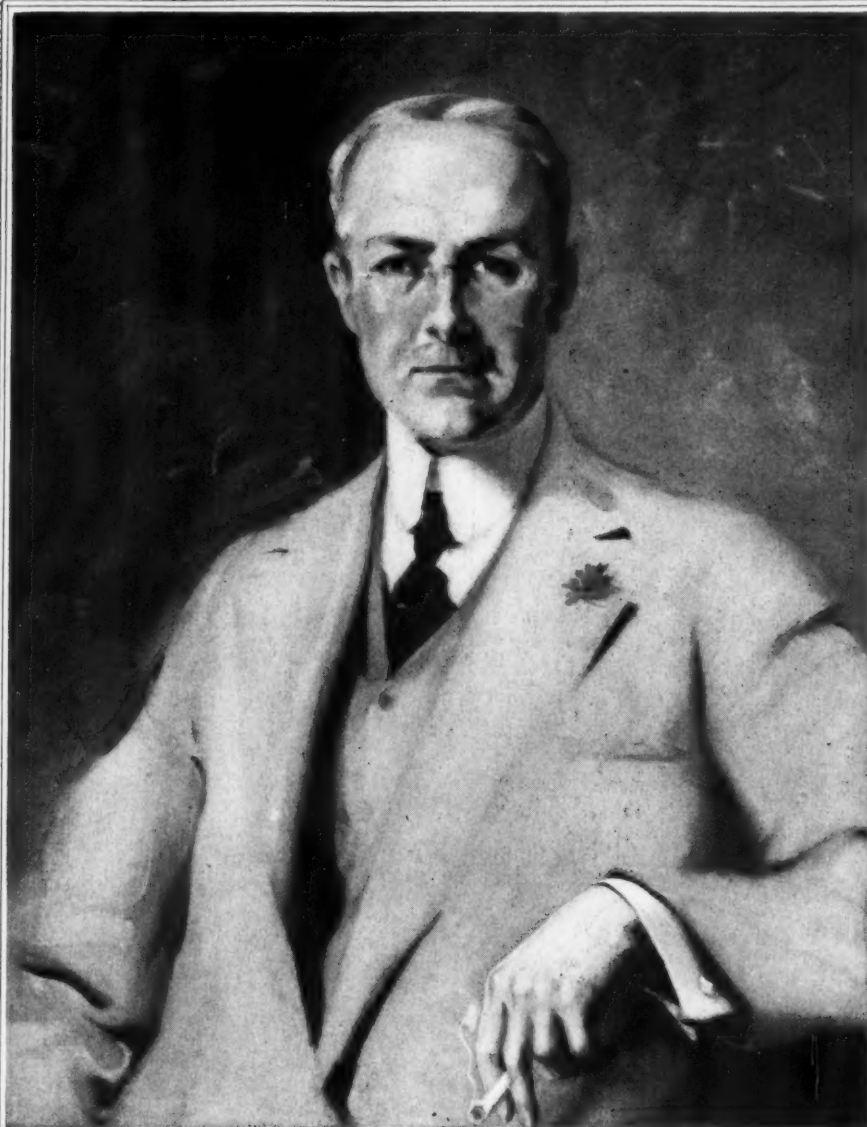




THE BOY WHO BECAME A LAWYER



PRINTED FOR LIGHT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



FATIMA may never become the only cigarette smoked by keen, substantial men of this type. But you will find that Fatima has already become more popular with such men than almost any other cigarette regardless of price.

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Mr. Hamilton has handled a difficult theme fearlessly but delicately, and a more charming love story than that of big, honest Peter Guthrie and Betty Townsend has not been told in a long time. While its candor will be condemned by a few, people conversant with modern thought and literature will praise it without reservation, and it will cause many to ask themselves "Have I done my duty by my children?"

A BOOK WITH A BIG MESSAGE
FOR EVERY PARENT

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS
\$1.40 NET

Little, Brown & Company
Publishers Boston

Never Tell the Jury What You Really Think

YOKELS OF THE JURY: When I gaze upon your stupid faces and think of the low ideals by which you are governed, I feel convinced that you will decide this case, despite all I may say, according to the promptings of prejudice and ignorance. You have had, it is plain, but little experience in the affairs of the world, and that little has been confined to petty transactions. You know next to nothing of the fundamentals of our government, and have absolutely failed to grasp the principles applicable in the present instance. You have heard, without taking it in, what has been said by the attorneys on both sides; but this is of little moment, as you are incapable of distinguishing the false from the true. You are at the mercy of a glib tongue, hence anything I might say would be idle, as you are sure to follow blindly the last speaker, who in this instance is the attorney for the other side. Therefore it is with fear and trembling that I leave my client's case to your muddle-brained decision, knowing that your befogged and crude minds will be totally unable to pierce through the shell of appearances to the kernel of truth.

W. W. Whitelock.

Articles for the Week-End

ONE pneumatic mattress (for the springless bed).
One rope ladder (for night work).
One telegraph pad (for sending the fake telegram).
One large roll of bills (for tips).
Two "cold" packs of cards (for bridge).

One bottle of chloroform (for the noisy child).
One impossible solitaire puzzle (for entertaining the hostess).
One duplicate key (for the wine closet).
One alarm clock (for rising in time for dinner).
One loaded revolver (for the practical joker).
One copy of LIFE (for personal use).



Send

Whitman's

Sampler

if you would
surprise and please!

The Sampler contains a winning assortment of those Chocolates and Confections that have made Whitman's "Famous Since 1842."

At the nearest
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booklet.



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Victrola XVI, \$200
Victrola XVI, electric, \$250
Mahogany or oak

Other styles of
the Victor and Victrola
\$10 to \$400

The world's greatest artists true to life!

The artists you want to hear in your home are the noted singers and musicians who are the favorites of the music-loving public; who by reason of their exceptional brilliance are universally recognized as the world's greatest artists.

Their performances in your home are all due to the wonderful achievements of one instrument—the Victrola. The artists themselves have chosen the Victrola as the only instrument capable of bringing their superb art into the home in all its natural beauty. That is why they make Victor Records exclusively.

Any Victor dealer will gladly show you the complete line of Victors and Victrolas and play the music you know and like best.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers on the 28th of each month

Victrola

Important warning. Victor Records can be safely and satisfactorily played only with *Victor Needles or Tungstone Stylus* on Victors or Victrolas. Victor Records cannot be safely played on machines with jeweled or other reproducing points.

To insure Victor quality, always look for the famous trademark, "His Master's Voice." It is on every Victrola and every Victor Record. It is the only way to identify genuine Victrolas and Victor Records.



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© DAVID & SANFORD



KREISLER
© DUPONT

LIFE

Dependence

WHATEVER Fame may have in store,
As I life's fitful course shall run;
However much I may explore
The mountain-tops, anear the sun—
Let me not, Lord, despite the sky,
Which lures me upward through the
maze,
At any moment climb too high
To sing my mother's praise!

Whatever Fortune may elect
To give me on my pilgrimage;
However much I may direct
Some prince's or some pauper's
wage—
Regardless of my lofty niche,
Grant me, O Master of my wares,
That I may never be too rich
To crave my mother's prayers!

Whatever friendly Time may name
To sweeten my declining days;
However gently Age may aim
To scatter peace along the ways—
Forbid, O God, though saints untold
Should shower blessings from above
That I may ever grow too old
To need my mother's love!

Ralph M. Thomson.



ARMS AND THE MAN

(ANOTHER VERSION)

With apologies to Coles Phillips



CHOOSING A FALL MODEL



WHEN HER BOY RETURNS FROM COLLEGE

A Many-Titled Woman

SHE'S father's wife, and sister to
My aunt and Uncle Ned—
Grandmother calls her "daughter Kate";
She's aunt to little Ted,
And cousin to a lot of folks.
There isn't any other
Relation, though, in all this world
('Cept me) can call her "Mother"!

Mazie V. Caruthers.

Game

DAUGHTER OF WESTERN FARMER: Oh, George,
the harvest hands threaten to quit, and papa is away!
YOUNG FOREMAN: Yes, I know. I wired him this morn-
ing for instructions.
DAUGHTER OF WESTERN FARMER: What did he answer?
YOUNG FOREMAN: He said: "Hold hands till I come."
DAUGHTER OF WESTERN FARMER: Well, it means an
awful lot of spooning, but I guess we can do it, can't we?



"MOTHER, HOW MUCH IS AN EGG WORTH?"
"ABOUT FIVE CENTS."
"WELL, IF I GO WITHOUT MY EGG CAN I HAVE THE FIVE
CENTS?"

Lined Up With the Hyphens

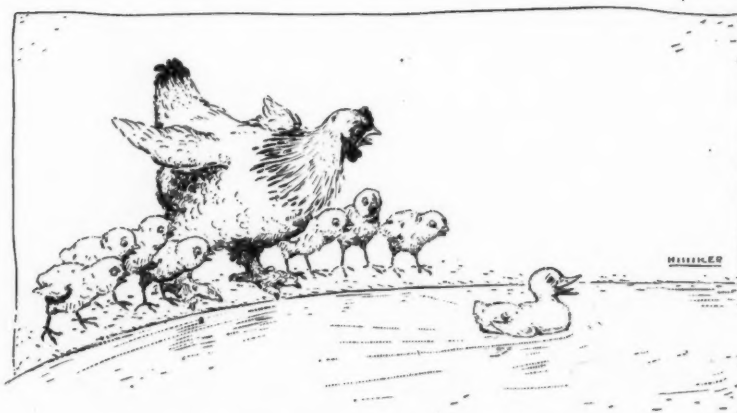
A GENTLEMAN in Cincinnati who says he has been pleased with LIFE for its opposition to Prussianism, has written to cancel his subscription because LIFE's attitude towards Candidate Hughes seems, to him, too cold.

That's all right, of course, but what is too hard to understand is how an anti-Prussian such as he is, should insist upon herding us all in with the pro-Prussian Germans to beat Mr. Wilson.

For our part we don't like the company this Ohio brother is keeping. Mr. Hughes' leading general is Hindenberg, a doughty man, but not on the side of the United States.

The Germans in New Jersey beat the administration candidate in the primaries and compassed the nomination of Martine, one of the most absurd men that ever sat in the Senate.

In Texas there are counties that are almost solidly German and they went almost solidly for Colquitt the anti-Wilson man. In one of these counties Culberson, the administration candidate, got three votes. In another he got sixty votes to eight hundred for Colquitt.



SHE DIDN'T RAISE HER BOY TO BE A SAILOR!

Culberson won easily because there were not Germans enough in Texas to beat him, but the German counties there told unmistakably the sentiments of the German voters.

Everywhere in the country the Germans are out to beat Wilson and elect Hughes, and not for American reasons but for German reasons.

If Mr. Hughes is elected it will be the German vote that will do the job. He will get it because Wilson has not satisfied the Germans. He has not stopped the export of munitions, he

has not broken yet with England, and he has not pussy-footed with the Hyphens.

He has been content to keep our government neutral. He has not insisted that it be pro-German. Therefore the Hyphens are all stacked up to run him out of office, and they may succeed. Certainly Mr. Hughes is not going to prevent them. Nothing is permitted to escape him, even in his most melted moods, that could detach a German vote.

How do the pro-Ally and pro-American Republicans feel about that?

How does the *Tribune* feel?

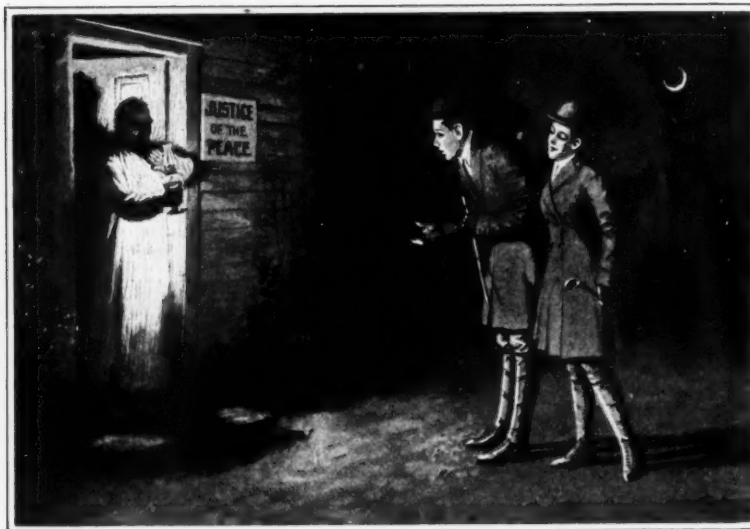
How does Colonel Roosevelt feel?

How does Mr. Bacon feel? Does he think he got many German votes in the Republican primaries?

How does Mr. Wickersham feel—Mr. Wickersham who was for sending home the German ambassador in short order after the *Lusitania* was sunk?

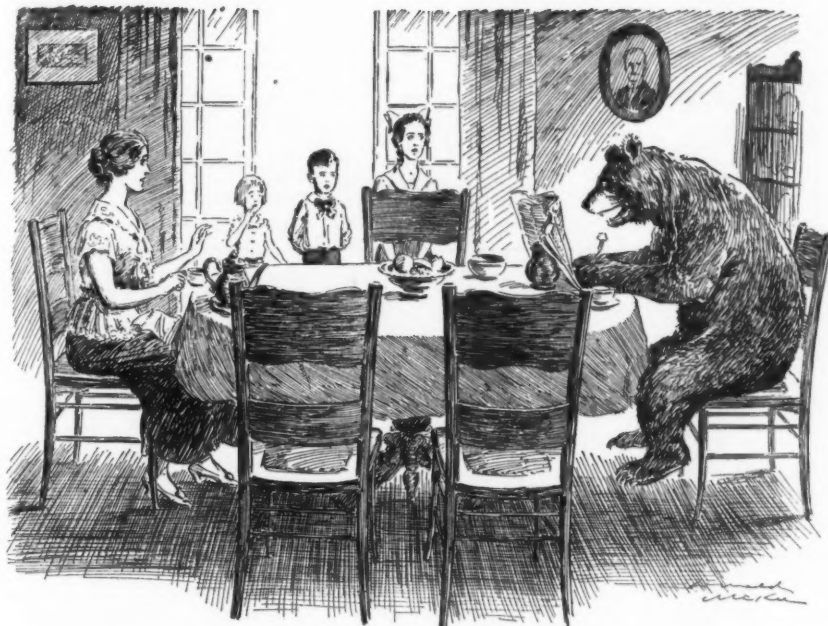
How do several million other Republicans and Progressives feel about hitching up in this fashion with the Hyphens to elect a candidate whose best bower in this campaign is the German vote and whose utmost care is to say nothing to scare it off?

Some of the pro-Ally gentlemen in this preponderantly pro-Ally country sighed when Mr. Hughes was nominated because they felt that such a nomination would not define the issue. They wanted something done to show the real attitude of the people of the



(From within): WHO BE IT, WILLIAM?

"IT'S A COUPLE OF YOUNG FELLOWS A-WANTING TO MARRY EACH OTHER."



AS THE FAMILY SEES HIM

"WHY DON'T YOU SAY GOOD MORNING TO YOUR FATHER?"

United States towards the war in Europe, and they felt that Mr. Hughes would be merely another neutral like Mr. Wilson.

But in the course of the campaign Mr. Hughes has gradually defined their issue for them. Now it has become as clear as day that he is not a neutral like Mr. Wilson but the one to whom the Hyphens look to punish the man who would not take their side nor tolerate their treacherous activities.

What will the *Tribune* do with its Iron Cross if it manages to elect Mr. Hughes?

What will the Colonel and Mr. Bacon and Mr. Wickersham and Mr. Gardner do with theirs?

Holy smoke, how mad they will all be! How mad they must be getting even now!

Our Ohio friend has had his remittance returned to him and his subscription cancelled. That much *LIFE* can do for him and does it willingly. More than that it offers him its sympathy because of the predicament in which he finds himself, an anti-Prussian, convinced that so he should be, and yet

lined up with all the Hyphens in Cincinnati to beat the candidate that the pro-Prussians don't want.

E. S. M.

Time

INASMUCH as nothing is ever lost, but is only re-formed, then time must of necessity be only a new combination of atoms. Time is non-existent, yet to gain it the general sacrifices thousands of human lives in battle, and countless human beings spend countless gold on worthless remedies to lengthen their days. Time is the volatile depository of all things. It makes you happy and unhappy, and is indeed a saturated solution of events. We save time to waste it, and in wasting it we save it. We spend our time in order that we may have it, and in having it we spend it. Without it we are always wishing we had it, and when we have it we kill it.

MARCUS O'PTUTT wisely observes that if the things we learn at the mother's knee were always welded into shape over the father's knee our later-day civilization would be more efficient.

Where Experience Fails to Teach

THE New York Times tells us:

Officials of the Health Department resented yesterday a published story that vaccination was a cause of infantile paralysis. The story came from the Anti-Vaccination League's Headquarters in Philadelphia, and quoted at some length the secretary of the League, Porter F. Cope.

Commissioner of Health Haven Emerson laughed when asked his opinion of the merits of the report.

"The theory of the cause of infantile paralysis as advanced by the Anti-Vaccination League merits no serious consideration," he said. "The Department of Health is not even considering the matter."

This is good news. When the Department of Health does consider a matter it can lead to public disaster. Certain combinations of excessive wisdom and authority work a lot of evil.

The recent infantile paralysis panic, originated by the Health Department, is an impressive example.

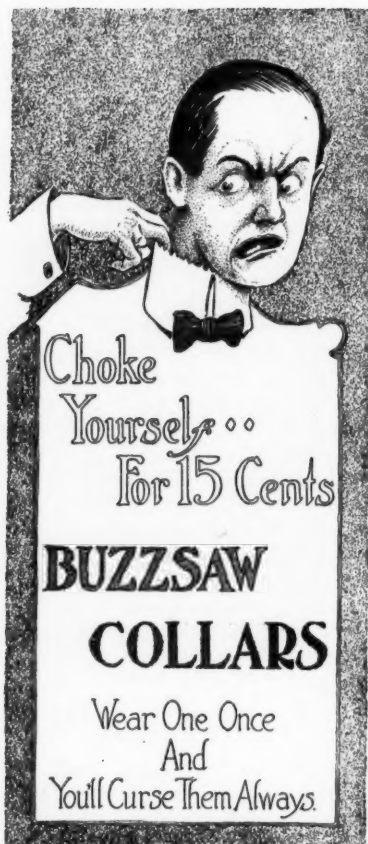
The fact that vaccination is often the cause of infant paralysis, typhoid and smallpox has not yet pierced even the outer fortifications of the Health Department consciousness.

But it will—some day.



"Fare thee well,
Fare thee well,
Fare thee well, my former lay;
For I'm on to something better
Than cirrhosis, nerves or tetter—
Singing poliomyelitis all the day!"

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Choke
Yourself...
For 15 Cents

**BUZZSAW
COLLARS**

Wear One Once
And
You'll Curse Them Always.

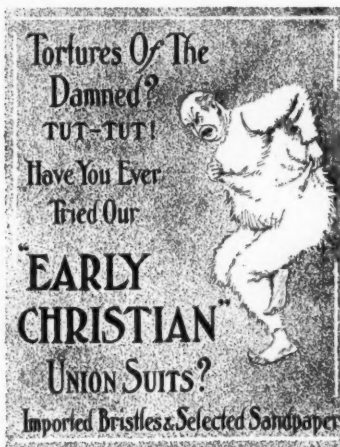
Virtue and Vice in New York

ONCE again the wheel of time brings us around to the place where the authorities are trying to discover how much vice there is in New York, accompanied, of course, by efforts to decrease its quantity and improve its quality. The result may safely be prognosticated as exactly the same as always in the past. The activities of some few of the vicious will be curbed somewhat, but the vice in unlimited magnitude will go on flourishing with all the vigor of the proverbial green bay tree.

Wherefore we are constrained to suggest a new method of getting at vice conditions in our fair metropolis.

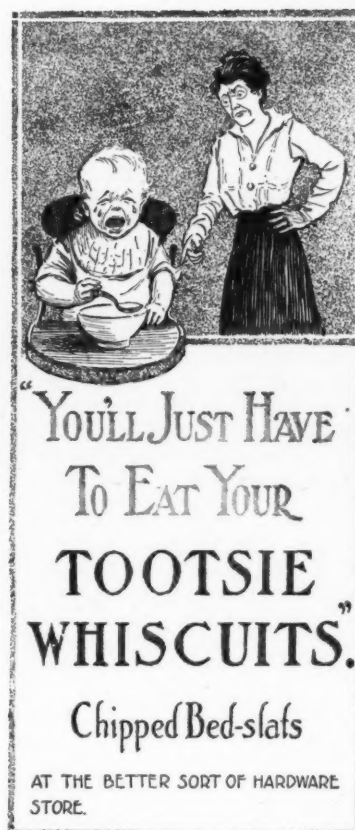


Oh, Yes Indeed, I Always
Wear
**AVALANCHE
GARTERS.**
"They Can't Stay Up."



Tortures Of The
Damned?
TUT-TUT!
Have You Ever
Tried Our
**"EARLY
CHRISTIAN"**
UNION SUITS?
Imported Bristles & Selected Sandpaper

Why wouldn't it be a good notion to come at the vice statistics by the process of first seeking out and eliminating all the virtues? The amount of attention received by virtue in public investigations is a pitiful proportion of what it must deserve, for there must



"YOU'LL JUST HAVE
TO EAT YOUR
TOOTSIE
WHISCUITS."
Chipped Bed-slats

AT THE BETTER SORT OF HARDWARE
STORE.

be a vast aggregate of it hidden in out-of-the-way places. Now, if all this virtue were gathered together and placed to one side, then everything left would be vice, which we could examine at our leisure and act accordingly.

E. O. J.

A Toast

TO OUR MOTHERS: May their eyes never be opened to and their hearts never closed to our weaknesses!

"I HOPE you will come out ahead, Bobbie. What are you being examined at this time of the school year for?"

"For adenoids."



PLEASURE AND HAPPINESS

A False Statement

ST. PETER removed the chain from the pearly gates and viewed the applicant cautiously through the aperture. "Your credentials," he demanded imperiously.

The applicant threw back his shoulders proudly. "I raised a family of seven children," said he with calm confidence. "Three of them were clergymen, two were doctors, one was a missionary and one—a girl—wrote helpful anecdotes for a religious magazine."

"I see," said St. Peter. "You suffered sickness and pain when they were born, I presume, and endured months of mental torture before their arrival?"

"Oh, no," replied the applicant, sadly, "their mother did that."

"Hm," observed St. Peter, thoughtfully. "Then it was you, no doubt, who bathed and fed them when they were little, mended their garments, taught them their prayers, put them to bed and soothed them when they started crying at three or four o'clock in the morning."

"Well—er—no," said the claimant with some hesitation. "Their—er—mother did that."

"Oh, yes," smiled St. Peter, "but surely it was you who saw to their education, picked up the things that they

dropped around the house, listened to their childish troubles and comforted them in their woes?"

"No—not exactly," stammered the applicant. "Their mother did that."

At this St. Peter lost patience, for he had had a hard day. "What did you mean, then," he roared, "by saying that you raised a family of seven children? Their mother did that! Take the first turn to the left and go straight down!"

And slamming the pearly gates in the applicant's face, he made amends for his outburst by writing a note on mother-of-pearl stationery, inviting the mother of the seven children to visit him indefinitely.

K. L. Roberts.

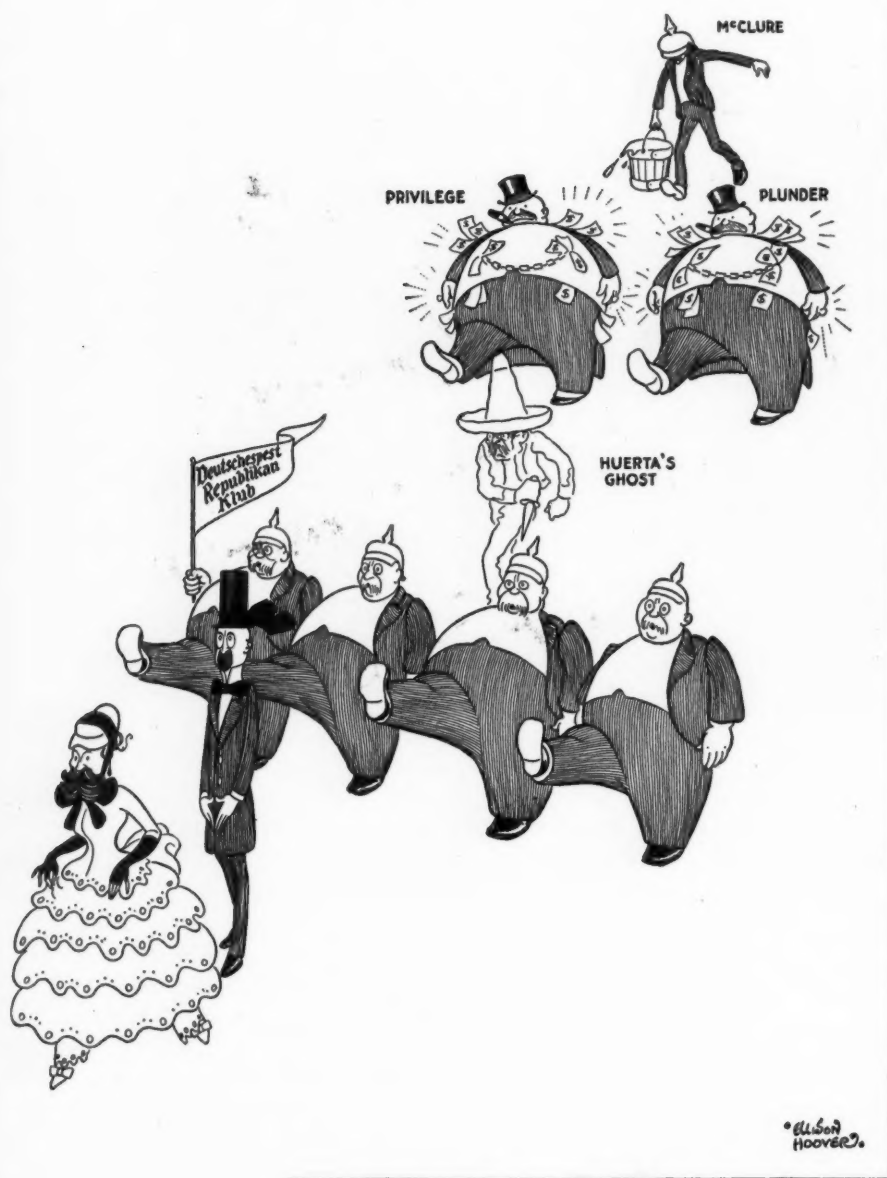
One Beyond

WILLIS: Do you think that moving pictures are the ultimate development of dramatic art?

GILLIS: No. There will be one more. On the legitimate stage you can get along with brains and no beauty; in the movies you can get along with beauty and no brains, and the next stage of development will be one where you can get by without either.

TEACHER: Johnnie has spelled "assess" correctly. Now, Tommie, you may define it.

TOMMIE: "Assess" is—er—"assess" is a lady donkey.



DOMINANT AMERICANS

WIFE (at midnight to burglar): I suppose you've taken everything of value.

BURGLAR (backing out of window with bag): Yes'm. I left the family jewels.

"DO you think people ought to have luxurious cushions in their church pews?"

"Dear me, no!"

"But it makes the sermon so much easier."

Other Mothers

OTHER mothers are persons with absurd and unreasonable ideas about the bringing up of children. They feed their babies at the wrong time. They allow them to eat the most outlandish things. They have impossible ideas regarding their children's perfections; whereas in reality their offspring are nuisances, unfit to associate with a child that is properly reared. Other mothers not only resent deeply any suggestions as to how their children might be trained more satisfactorily, but insist on inflicting their own imperfect theories on friends and enemies alike. In view of the contempt with which the child-raising ability of other mothers is viewed, the lay mind cannot comprehend the overwhelming success and thoroughness with which the infant of to-day becomes the adult of to-morrow. There must be something about other mothers' systems which is not perceptible to the naked eye.

K. L. R.

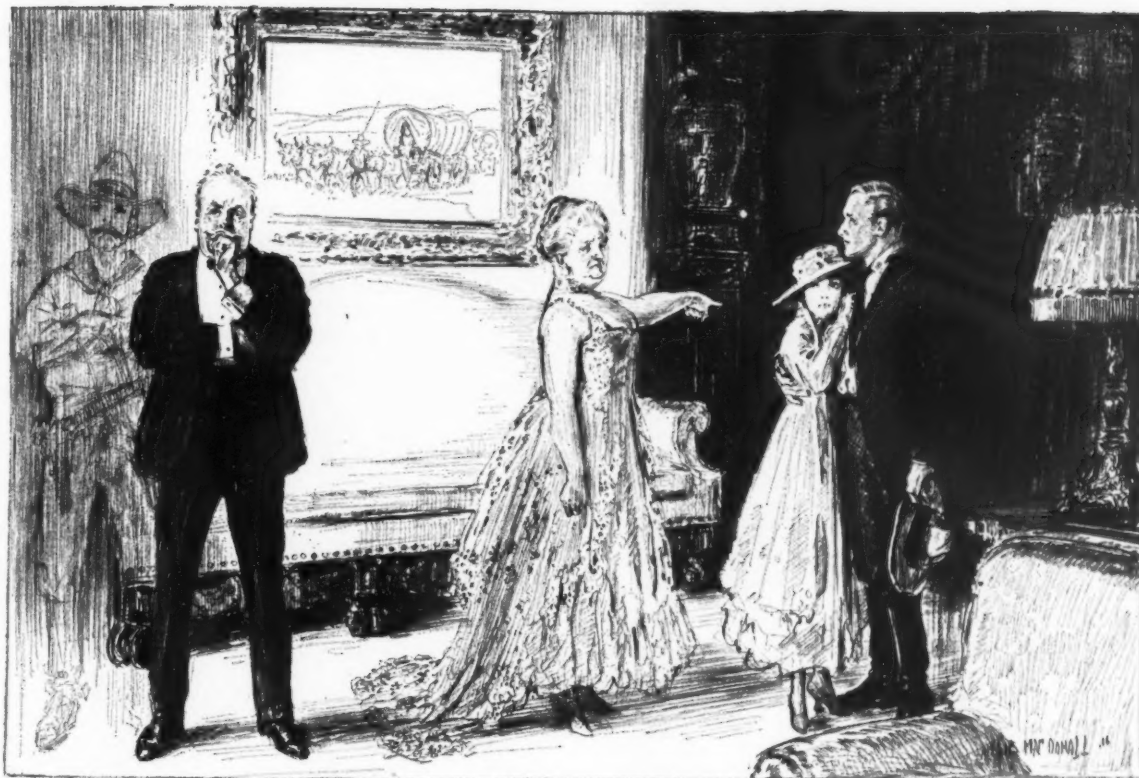
Typical

ALL the Hyphens must agree that for a heavyweight candidate Judge Hughes has a remarkably light touch.

But all feather-dusters have a light touch. That is their specialty.



HOW FATHER FEELS WHILE READING THE MOTHER'S NUMBER OF "LIFE"



MOTHER FORGETS — FATHER REMEMBERS

Notice

TO Happy Husbands the world over:

The Amalgamated Association of Modern Mothers of America respectfully submits the following demands for your immediate adjustment:

Recognition of our Union!

Abolition of the "Man and Servant" agreement!

A regular eight-hour working-day, with time and a half for overtime!

All Sundays and holidays off!

Three months' vacation each year!

A scale of decreasing labors and increasing annuities!

Full mastery over the children, and their (or its) father!

Unrestricted access to the family treasury!

Adequate provision for pension, after twenty years of continuous service!

N.B.—Failure to comply with any or all the above demands will be deemed good and sufficient cause for declaring a general strike!

Signed: Mrs. Daly Grynd,
Mrs. Neva Holm,
Mrs. E. Z. Weary,

Committee on Fair Play to All Mothers.
A. E. H.



Optimist: IT WON'T MATTER. I DON'T SIT DOWN MUCH ANYWAY



ON TO VICTORY



THE EVOLUTION OF A MOTHER

Man's Capacity

THERE is no doubt a great difference among individuals in their capacity for work. Some produce more in a given time than others. Balzac's terrific labors in writing his books, by shutting himself up and working continuously, undoubtedly shortened his life. Anthony Trollope's mother brought up a large family, and wrote her books before breakfast without intermissions, often after sleepless nights. Harriet Beecher Stowe and Jane Austen composed their works in spite of immediate family friction. Gladstone was an enormous workman, devouring everything within reach, like a colossal intellectual suction pump—a veritable monster of toil. On the other hand, Mr. W. D. Howells said some years ago that fifteen hundred words a day, and have it good, was about all a man could be expected to do. Many of our present-day authors feel that the best in them can only be gotten out at the rate of about three hours in the twenty-four. We are undoubtedly more highly concentrated than we were, and there are more distractions to take us away from continuous concentrated labor.

Creative effort is much harder than it was, because discoveries and inventions have left so little to the imagination. If

Jules Verne were alive to-day he would hardly think of writing "Twenty Thousand Leagues." Labor-saving devices, however, enable us to turn out a much greater volume of thinner material. The typewriter is mightier than the quill. Meditation is at a discount. Big sales and quick deliveries is our motto. We are sincere because we like to be, honest because it pays, and inferior because factory-made ideas can be manufactured easier than by the old hand processes. To overcome this tendency we must refuse to be over-amused. We must, if necessary, sell the auto, cut golf and walk instead, restrict our visits to the "movies" and perhaps marry as little as possible—for in spite of everything to the contrary, marriage is the highest and best amusement we have. It ought to be put upon a paying basis.

But work, after all, has always been and always will be man's most permanent amusement. Many of those things which we class as amusements are cunningly devised to break in upon the continuity of work so that we may return to it with greater zest. Work itself is either creative or automatic. It is extremely doubtful whether purely creative work can be carried on for more than three hours out of the twenty-four; that seems to be the consensus of opinion among a respectable number of creative workers, Mr

Edison to the contrary. Automatic work—what some people call drudgery, and much of it highly necessary—can be done continuously for much longer periods.

It is from drudgery that we shrink. And alas! It may well be that our creative abilities are on the wane, there seems to be so little left for man's imagination to feed upon.

IF a pessimist is a person who has got to live with an optimist, a cynic is a person who has loaned money to both.



"SAY! WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?"
 "I'M TRYING TO GET SOMETHING FOR MY WIFE."
 "WHAT ARE YOU ASKING FOR HER?"

An Old Maid

SHE loves each little, helpless thing,
Babies or pups or kittens,
She's always making little gifts,
From lollipops to mittens.

She gladly leaves her book or task
To help some busy mother,
Who simply has to lunch or dine
With one friend or another.

How sad that Fate should portion so
That she may only share them;
She's so much more a mother than
Some foolish ones who bear them!

Charlotte Becker.

At Regular Rates

AMATEUR POETESS: Ten dollars for correcting the meter of this little verse!

PROFESSIONAL POET: Oh, yes; for this sort of work I charge regular plumbers' rates.



—Otto Clushing—

LA RÉVOLUTION RÉPUBLICAINE

AT HER TRIAL MARY WILSONETTE MAINTAINS HAUGHTY SILENCE TO ACCUSATIONS OF TED HÉBERT



Phil Witte A.C.

Fond Mother: AREN'T THEY SILLY?

THEY tell us that from the wounded soldiers brought from the trenches over and over again is heard the cry, "I want my mother!" Could there be found anywhere a greater tribute to the power of motherhood? "I want my mother!" That cry has rung down through the ages, but it seems as if, in this fearful baptism of fire, there is a new note. The call is clearer, sweeter, more poignant. "I want my mother! I want my mother!" Ah! We cannot lose the sound of that cry; it rings on and on—"I want my mother!"

Mother's Day

5:30—Rise, start fire.

6:30—Father has breakfast.

7:00—Start father to office, helping on coat, etc.

7:30—Minnie and Frank have breakfast.

8:00—Start Minnie and Frank to work, finding side-combs, hat, gloves, etc.

8:30—Mildred and Henry have breakfast.

8:50—Start Mildred and Henry to school, finding caps, books, lunch, etc.

9:00 to 11:30—Fix furnace, make beds, clean rooms, sweep parlor, cook, wash dishes, feed hens, get lunch.

12:00—Lunch for Minnie and Frank.

12:30—Press dress for Minnie, mend gloves for Frank.

1:00—Start Minnie and Frank back to work.

1:30—Wash dishes, mend clothes, entertain father's mother, press Frank's suit and neckties, feed chickens, fix furnace, discussion with gas and coal man, prepare supper.

4:30—Mildred and Henry home from school. Get Henry a change of clothes, get lunch for Mildred and Henry, help Mildred with studies, start Henry for movies.

5:30 to 7:30—Suppers for father, Minnie and Frank.

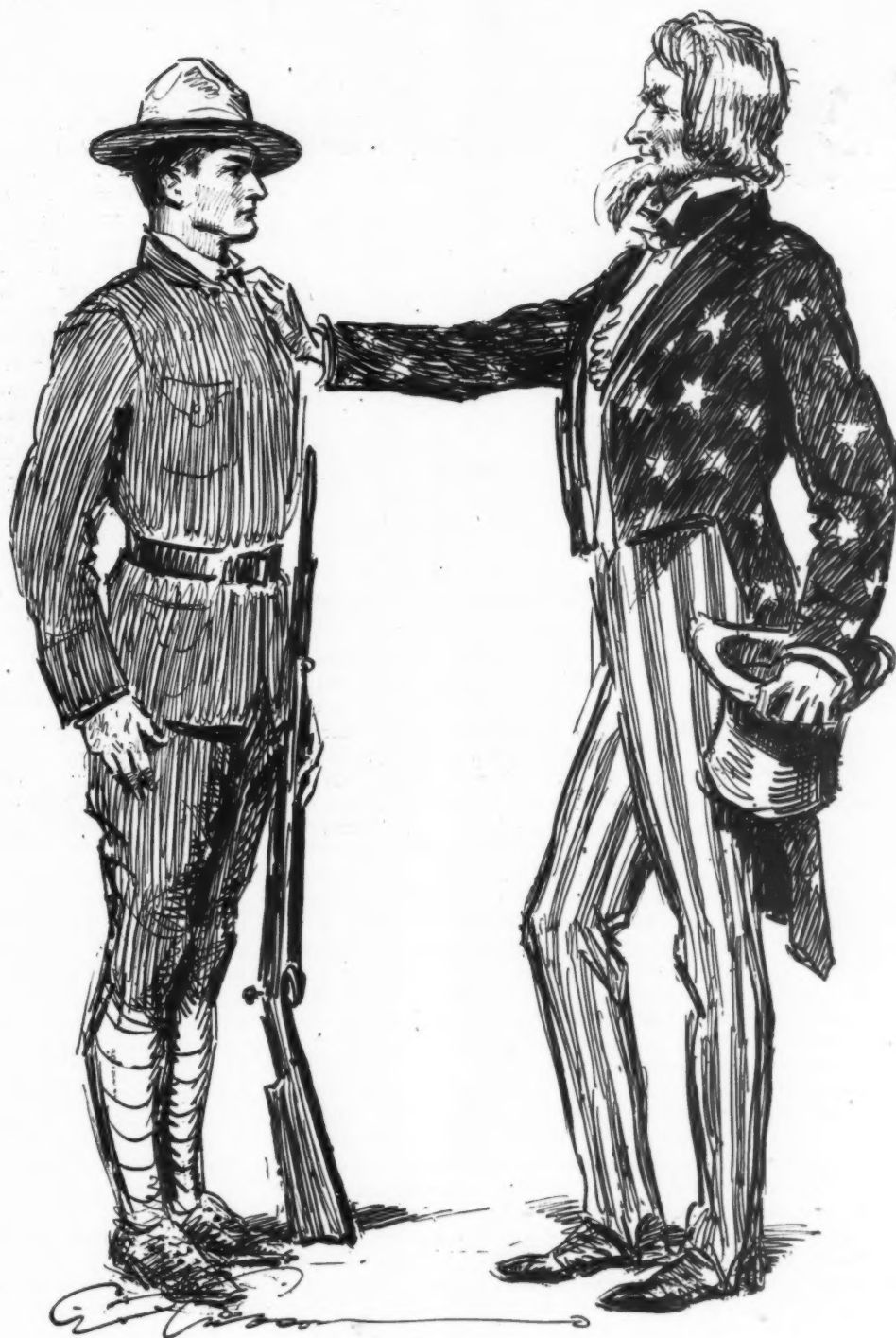
8:00—Get Minnie and Frank dressed for evening, fixing hair, tie, dress, etc.; also get father dressed and started to lodge, finding everything for him.

8:30—Wash dishes, lock up chickens, wind clock, etc.

9:00—Put Mildred and Henry to bed.

9:30—Retire after getting lunch ready for father, Minnie and Frank.

And Congress has not yet voted *mother* an eight-hour day.



"MUCH OBLIGED, JUST THE SAME!"



OCTOBER 19, 1916

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*VOL. 68
No. 1773

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

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English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.

ISSUES continue to bubble up in this campaign and remind us that it won't be over until election day. There comes a brand new big one as LIFE goes to press that may put Mexico and the Adamson bill quite out of people's heads. German submarines are sinking ships off Nantucket lightship. They have bagged nine, and whether the incoming steamers will arrive and the outgoing ones dare sail, nobody knows.

There is a compounded drink which, when all the ingredients have been put in, is brought to efficiency by plunging into it a red-hot poker.

Something like that has suddenly happened to the campaign, for this outbreak of German submarines on our coast is an astonishing intrusion of hot metal.

It makes all that Mr. Wilson has done go for nothing in the breathless concern about what he will do next.

Stocks have broken under the shock; shipping interests are palsied; the chances of steamers due are matters of anxiety.

The Colonel promptly announces that this is just another consequence of Wilson. Whatever the President does he will have, no doubt, the whole opposition pack yelping at him. As a maritime incident what has happened is notable. As a political incident it is crammed with explosives.

It looks as though at last Mr. Hughes may have to discuss a crisis in the making and say what he would

do. Heretofore he has looked back and criticized. Possibly this audacious German exploit will bring into the campaign the great issue of the year—our relation with Europe.



IF there was any man in the country to be preferred to Mr. Wilson to conduct the dealings of the last two years with Europe that man was Mr. Root. Nevertheless, his confidence, disclosed in his Carnegie Hall speech, that Mr. Wilson's performance with Germany could have been bettered by a Republican—by himself, for example—though proper to the last month of the campaign, will hardly carry very general conviction. None of the campaigning Republicans venture to say that we ought to have got into the war. What they are all ready to say is that we might have kept out with our chests more inflated and with a much better opinion of ourselves and better standing abroad.

Any voter who finds comfort or inspiration in that opinion is entitled to cherish it, but the better view seems to be that Mr. Wilson kept us out of the war about as well as the job could be done. Mr. Root's complaint—not Mr. Hughes' complaint but Mr. Root's—is that Mr. Wilson was not peremptory enough with Germany. Then Germany should be pleased with him. But she is not. The pro-Germans are not for him, but favor Mr. Root's candidate.

Moreover, these campaigners all talk

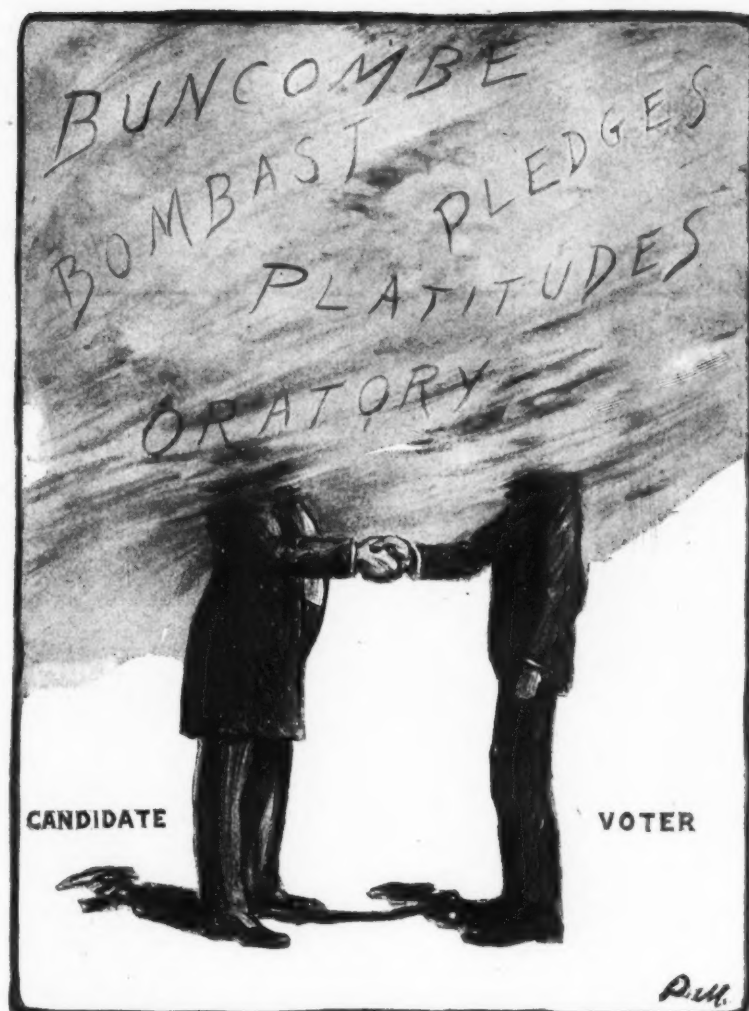
as though the country had no will and Congress no existence. The country would have backed Mr. Wilson in getting into the war after the Lusitania was sunk. It backed his notes which risked war. People who wanted to get into the war have a right to be dissatisfied with Mr. Wilson because he missed that chance. But other people shouldn't be, and none of the Republican campaigners admit that they wanted us to get into the war.

Mr. Wilson was as slow as cold molasses about stirring for military preparation. At the start he supposed our military policy had been good and said so, whereas it had been very bad indeed. But he finally acquired knowledge and woke up—about a year late—and spoke up heartily for more trained soldiers and showed willingness to stand for any proper measure of military preparation that would pass Congress. But Congress wouldn't pass a proper measure, and he took what he could get, and used and is now using what he got, so that we are now somewhat better prepared than we were, and the unsuitableness of the existing provision is being demonstrated.



THIS is the open season for governments. Things are going badly for mankind, and few governments are popular. The censor does not permit to appear all that the British brethren say about theirs, and the enthusiasm of the Germans for the Kaiser's government seems a good deal abated. Greece is swapping policies and may lift out its king, and the crowned heads generally are full of anxious thoughts. If Mr. Root and the Colonel and the Judge and Mr. Taft and Mr. Beveridge are dissatisfied with their government they may have the consolation of knowing that they are right in the fashion.

But, on the whole, it would appear that Mr. Wilson and the Democrats have stood the strain of the times as well as any other government in sight; perhaps better than any other. For an amateur, Mr. Wilson has done remark-



"WE SHALL KNOW EACH OTHER BETTER WHEN THE MISTS HAVE ROLLED AWAY"

ably. His errors have been due chiefly to the fact that he *was* an amateur. Now he is almost a professional, whereas the gentleman whom the Republicans have picked to succeed him is a plain beginner, seduced from an honorable retirement because none of the professional Republican rulers could hope to get the voters to trust them in the White House.

The Republican spell-binders talk abundantly about Mr. Wilson but have hardly anything to say about Mr. Hughes. Mr. Root ties him like a cracker to the end of his lash as "the true inheritor and interpreter of the ancient

American spirit," but does not submit any evidence. Mr. Roosevelt advertises him as "a man whose public life is a guarantee that whatever he says he will make good."

But bless you, Colonel, he won't say anything!



THERE is some novelty in Mr. Beveridge's discourse. He insists that except a few "passion-blinded hot-

heads" (meaning, possibly, the Colonel and Mr. Root) "the American people have been and are solidly opposed to engaging in the war for or against any of the European belligerents." But where, he asks, "would the President's avowed foreign policy of joining an alliance to resist aggression and the violation of treaties lead us?" He thinks it would "draw us into a jungle of foreign troubles from which we are now free."

Do you mind that? The Colonel will be intimating that Bro. Beveridge is timid.

Oh, no, not timid, but he spoke in Chicago. Convinced as he was that the country is and always has been positively averse to getting into the war, he was just as sure as Mr. Root or the Colonel that we could have kept out and still have been admired and respected of all nations if only we had had some competent Republican statesmen to show us how.

If Europe ever reads these Republican campaign speeches Europe will smile. They all come to the same thing—"we could have done it much better; our dentistry is painless, and we extract corns so you never know it."

Go to, brethren; go to! Of course you've got to say what you can while this sad business of cursing out an administration continues, but if, as you all seem to feel, there was nothing for it but to keep out of the war, not one of you could have made a better job of it than Woodrow.

This cry—"He kept out, but he didn't do it right"—seems like an afterthought. The people whom Mr. Wilson really disappointed were stirred to their marrow by the war issue, and wanted to stand out on what they felt was the right side, whether it took them into the war or not. They did not care for credit nor for safety. Their hearts burned and they wanted action. Some of them did act. The feelings which lit them up and sent some of them to death in France put the country on the side of the Allies, and did good in a thousand ways, and is still doing good. But they would not think it of much importance that someone else might have kept us out of the war to better advantage than Mr. Wilson.

All that talk must leave them cold.



The Maschilder

L I E



The Maschilder



Boy: WHAT! YE HAVEN'T GOT A MOTHER NOR FATHER NOR ANY RELATIONS? GEE! HAVEN'T YE GOT NO TROUBLES A-TALL?



A Very Busy Week



EVIDENTLY there is something wrong with the methods of our theatrical purveyors when they surfeit the public and make real critical consideration impossible by producing eight new attractions in one week, three of them on one evening. Perhaps they are aware of the mediocrity of most of what they have to offer, and entertain the hope that in the rush some of it may get by without attracting the unfavorable notice of the more expert reviewers of plays. Looking back on this glut of production and paucity of merit, one is forced to agree with the expression of our confrère, Mr. Towse of the *New York Post*, in his recently published "Sixty Years of the Theatre," when he concludes that the institution is in "a condition of progressive decadence."

NOTEWORTHY, not from its artistic or literary value as a play, but as evidence of the American tendency to go to extremes, is the unclassified "Under Sentence" of Messrs. R. C. Megrue and Irvin S. Cobb. The authors label it indefinitely as "a new play," and leave it to the public to decide whether it is melodrama, comedy, tract, or something in the list of Polonius. It is inspired by the present rather hysterical reaction against the cruelty of former prison methods. So much of the piece is written in a comedy vein that one is inclined to doubt the apparently serious moments whether the occurrences evidently based on Mr. Osborne's innovations at Sing Sing are meant to be satirical or commendatory. One of the authors lived not far from that institution, so perhaps he is familiar with the haunting fear its neighbors

have that at any time they may find one of Mr. Osborne's semi-free prisoners ransacking their bureau drawers or pointing a magazine-pistol at their heads. This might lead us to believe that the play is one way of getting even with Mr. Osborne for sleepless nights, although, on the other hand, some of the lines seem to commend the jolly-em-along methods. Certainly admirers of Mr. Osborne will be interested in the play, which holds the attention and is well presented.

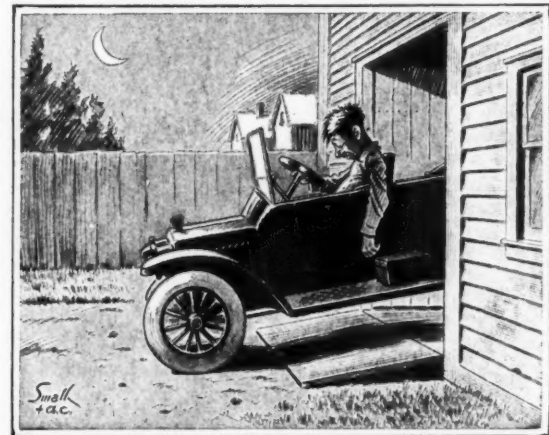


"RICH MAN, POOR MAN" is Mr. Broadhurst's dramatization of Mr. Max Foster's story of the waif of the boarding-house who was foisted on a rich family as their lost heiress through forgeries due to the affection she inspired in one of the boarders. A story made plausible in type becomes, although in the main well acted, pretty unconvincing in the glare of the footlights. In the constant coming and going of the characters and their appearance in unexpected places we are reminded that the dramatist has been a writer of farce, and he evidently has not been able entirely to throw off that technique. However, he keeps his big and competent cast busy, and as plays go, this one is above the average in entertaining qualities.



COMING from London with Mr. Dillingham as importer, there was reason to hope that "Betty" would bring us more of the old Gaiety flavor than it does. The book by Mr. Frederick Lonsdale and Gladys Unger is up to the old standard in lines and situations, and much of the music has the old daintiness, but in its entirety, and particularly in the dancing of the imported young women, we miss the Gaiety hall-mark.

Friends of Mr. Raymond Hitchcock must have wondered what had come over him and what he was trying to do. When it was learned that his part was played in London by that prince of silly asses, Mr. G. P. Huntley, the mystery was solved, and it became highly amusing to picture just how Mr. Huntley doubtless did the things Mr. Hitchcock was trying to do. The combination was also amusing because even in a bad imitation Mr. Hitchcock could not entirely submerge



SINCE BUYING HIS CAR JINKS DOESN'T WALK IN HIS SLEEP ANY MORE—HE RIDES

his own fun-creating powers, and the authors have given the part of *Lord D'Arcy Playne* good lines and situations. The two Josephs—Herbert and Santley—were up to their work, and there is an abundance of feminine loveliness, domestic and imported. "Betty" is a musical play of the upper class, and comes to us in a period of comparative poverty in that kind of entertainment.



ANOTHER comedian with a personal following comes back to New York in a curiously amateurish play called "Fixing Sister." In this instance Mr. William Hodge transfers his drawling speech from rural surroundings, and heroic Yankee accomplishments abroad to becoming the little tin destiny of a lot of persons in metropolitan society. They all wear conventional clothing in conventional surroundings, but conventionality stops there. Some of his society people are crooks and others come-ons, both of types that exist only on the stage. Of course he saves the geese and traps the foxes, but by methods so absurd that they are not even funny.

"Fixing Sister" points one truth—that Mr. Hodge is better adapted to the rural and Middle-West drama than to the life of the evening-dress fast set.



AGAIN we have with us Mr. Harry Leon Wilson, dramatized, and as his hero *Bunker Bean*, impersonated by

Mr. Taylor Holmes. Mr. Wilson is another author who is better in being read than in being played. His characters are difficult to reproduce, and Mr. Holmes succeeds no better here than did the authors who wrestled with the Red Gap outfit. Mr. Wilson is preferable in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and Mr. Holmes in some other rôle. He has a curious personality which ought to find a part, but it is not *Bunker Bean*.

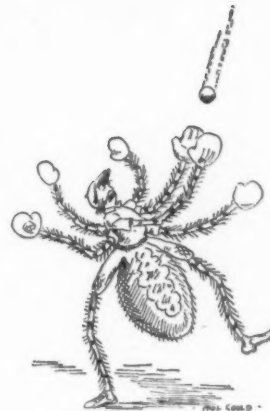


THE redeeming feature of "Backfire" is Mary Boland's impersonation of the persecuted heroine in a play which contains all the old methods of persecution of the virtuous poor by the heartless rich. It is also a tract against the legal defense of "contributory negligence," this term being made the climax of two acts out of four. "Backfire" seems to be a play with a purpose, but "contributory negligence" isn't a very dramatic bugaboo.



JOY, oh joy, for the insomniacs. There's a new collection of girl-and-music allurements backed up with vaudeville and general dancing at the Ziegfeld Frolics. This makes it possible for many persons to be entertained while sitting up for the milk instead of waiting outside their front doors. So much so that they may not be home when the milkman comes.

Metcalf.



THE SPIDER AND THE FLY

Garrick.—"Poilu." Notice later.

Globe.—Mr. Raymond Hitchcock in musical play, "Betty." See above.

Harris.—"Under Sentence," by Messrs. R. C. Megrue and Irvin Cobb. See above.

Hippodrome.—"The Big Show." The energies and capacity of the big playhouse devoted as usual to vaudeville, spectacle, ballet and skating carnival.

Hudson.—"Pollyanna." Pleasant and well presented child drama with its emphasis laid on the value of optimism.

Knickerbocker.—Mr. David Warfield in revival of "The Music Master." Notice later.

Liberty.—"Intolerance." All the resources of the movie camera and movie production employed in a gorgeous pictorial argument against bigotry.

Little.—"Hush," by Violet Pearn.

Longacre.—Mr. William Collier in "Nothing But the Truth," by Mr. James Montgomery. Typical Collier play with a more original plot than usual and the star never in better form.

Lyceum.—Mr. Otis Skinner in "Mister Antonio," by Mr. Booth Tarkington. American comedy with the burden of the acting on the star, who is entirely competent to the task. Worth seeing.

Lyric.—Moving-picture drama with Annette Kellerman as the star. Notice later.

Marine Elliott's.—"Fixing Sister," by Mr. Lawrence Whitman, with Mr. William Hodge. See above.

Playhouse.—"The Man Who Came Back," by Mr. J. E. Goodman. Pretty strong drama with unusual story and scenes. Well presented and interesting.

Princess.—Closed.

Punch and Judy.—Open Saturday with revival of "Treasure Island."

Republic.—The Dolly Sisters in "His Bridal Night." Farce, nearly naughty, and at its best when its stars introduce their charming dancing.

Shubert.—"The Girl from Brazil." Agreeable comic operetta, well staged and more than usually amusing.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Backfire," by Mr. Stuart Fox. See above.

Winter Garden.—"Passing Show of 1916." Closing performances of an elaborate effort to reach the inner consciousness of the t. b. m. and assuage the hardships of his existence with a liberal provision of girls and music in a brilliant stage setting.

Ziegfeld's Frolic.—Midnight entertainment. See above.

CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE



Astor.—"His Majesty, Bunker Bean," with Mr. Taylor Holmes. See above.

Belasco.—Last week of "The Boomerang," by Messrs. Winchell Smith and Victor Mapes. Conclusion of the remarkable run of this clever and well acted comedy with its drives at the weaknesses of the medical profession.

Booth.—"L'Enfant Prodiges," re-christened "Pierrot the Prodigal." Charming pantomime agreeably performed, and with Wormser's delightful music well rendered.

Casino.—"Flora Bella," with Lina Abrahams. Comic operetta more agreeable than usual and pleasantly done.

Castles in the Air.—"The Bull Ring." After-theatre vaudeville and cabaret.

Cohan's.—"Seven Chances," by Mr. R. C. Megrue. Diverting farcical comedy, well staged by Mr. Belasco.

Cohan and Harris's.—"The Intruder," by Mr. Cyril Harcourt. Interesting crime drama with the scene laid in France. Well cast, but disappointing in its finish.

Comedy.—The Washington Square Players in a new bill of playlets. Novel and well contrasted, but somewhat amateurish in performance.

Cort.—"Upstairs and Down," by Mr. and Mrs. Hatton. Curious depiction of society life on Long Island. A bit complicated, but amusing.

Criterion.—"Paganini," by Mr. Edward Knoblauch, with Mr. George Arliss in the title part. Not much of a play, and the star's microscopic methods failing to create great interest in the title character.

Eltinge.—"Cheating Cheaters," by Mr. Max Marcin. Humorous and well acted crime play with a novel plot.

Empire.—Margaret Anglin in "Caroline," by Mr. Somerset Maugham. An extremely light, polite English comedy—too light for its excellent star and cast.

Fourth-fourth Street.—"The Flame," by Mr. R. W. Tully. A too lurid tropical-American melodrama, weirdly complicated, but elaborately staged.

Forty-eighth Street.—"Rich Man, Poor Man," by Mr. George Broadhurst, from a story by Maximilian Foster. See above.

Fulton.—"Arms and the Girl," by Messrs. Grant Stewart and Robert Baker. Diverting and well acted comedy of Belgium in the early days of the German invasion.

Mother Eyes

COULD some famed scientist but analyze
The occult power that rests in Mother Eyes;
Could he equip each mortal with this sight
That looks through all the wrong and sees the right—

Perhaps the world would find that many a knave
Beneath his rascal's skin is true and brave,
And many a scoundrel, hated and reviled,
To this strange sight is but an errant child.

Oh, gentle reader, Mother Eyes that dimly scan
A vacillating wreck—and see a man,
If this be blindness, then your God is true,
For all your pain he is rewarding you.

William A. McGarry.

Almost \$31,000 for the Babies



MAURICE LAMARRE,
BABY NO. 150

AS we sit here in LIFE office and act as intermediary for this aid from the prosperous citizens of one republic to the suffering widows and orphans of another, we cannot help being deeply impressed. First there is the splendid generosity of LIFE's readers, whose contributions to date amount to \$30,791.70, from which we have remitted 169,521.89 francs to the Orphelinat. These cold figures are only symbols of the vast amount of compassion and desire to help that stands back of them. It comes from so many individuals and from so many American communities that it is a national demonstration

of the goodness of the American heart.

Equally impressive, but more saddening, are the particulars that pass through our hands in the form of letters, pictures and other material from the afflicted widows and orphans of suffering France. They are simple and pitiful testimony to the hardships of these innocent victims of the German war-lust. Most touching of all is their gratitude to their unknown American benefactors, imperfectly, but always sincerely, expressed.

On the other hand, the work has its alleviating features. It gives us a rare opportunity to become acquainted with the generous spirit of America and the splendid courage and hopefulness of the French woman in her days of deep distress. In her rests the hope for the new France of the next generation, and from what we see we know that this American aid helps her. It works to good now and for the future.



MADELEINE VEDIE, BABY NO. 137.

A contribution of \$73 provides that for two years a destitute French child, orphaned by the war, will be kept with its mother or relatives instead of being sent to a public institution, where its chances of survival are less than in a family environment. During this critical period in the child's life its welfare is looked after and the funds disbursed by the Orphelinat des Armées, an organization officered by President Poincaré and other eminent French men and women. The Orphelinat has committees in every part of France, who keep in touch with the children and supervise details of management. Contributions of less than seventy-three dollars are combined until they amount to the larger sum.

As fast as LIFE receives from the Orphelinat the names and addresses of the children and their mothers with particulars of

the father's death and other information, these are communicated directly to the contributors for the care of each child.

LIFE gratefully acknowledges from

Angelita and Joseph, Houston, Texas, for Baby No. 401	\$73
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J. A. Mitchell, New York City, for Baby No. 416	73
"H. H., Pennsylvania," for Baby No. 417	73
In memoriam for Mrs. CARY, Buffalo, Oct. 8, 1915, aet. 88.	
From her twenty-two great-grandchildren: Grace, Hudson, Josephine, Jane, Trumbull, Colman, Jr., Alexandre, Thomas, Margaret, Charles C., Jr., Mary, Gertrude, Grace R., James R., Carlton M., Jr., Charles W., Jr., Jane, Laurence R., Evelyn, Orlando J., Sarah, Seward S., for Baby No. 419	73
From her eighteen grandchildren: Julia, Sallie, Margaret, Walter T., Evelyn, Charles C., Gertrude, Grace, Laurence, Marion L., George, Jr., Allitha, Maria L., Elinor, Phoebe, Trumbull, John S., Jane, for Baby No. 420	73
From her seven children: Trumbull, Thomas, Charles, Jennie, Walter, George, Seward, for Baby No. 421	73
From her sisters and niece, Maria M., Elizabeth M., Ivy M., for Baby No. 422	73

FOR BABY NUMBER 385

Already acknowledged	\$47.55
Oliver W. Holton, Catasaugua, Pa.	5
Madeleine Schetty, Jersey City, N. J.	5
Mrs. Eugene Moreno, New Orleans, La.	5
"Z. Y. X., Bridgeton, N. J."	5
Dorothy Barber, Englewood, N. J.	5.45

\$73

FOR BABY NUMBER 418

Dorothy Barber, Englewood, N. J.	\$4.55
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"SHE'S SOMEBODY'S MOTHER, BOYS."

Disappointing Primaries

THE idea of the new primaries was that the voters should be nominators and put up men that they wanted.

It does not work so yet, at least not in New York.

Consider the primaries for senator. Mr. Bacon was late in getting into the field, and Mr. Calder beat him. It had not occurred to Mr. Bacon to run for senator until so late that the effort seemed a forlorn hope. Yet he got a big vote that showed he was really a stronger candidate than Mr. Calder.

In the Democratic primaries for senator there should have been a chance to vote for Mr. William Church Osborn. No one had worked harder and done more to alleviate Democratic state government in New York in the last eight years than he. His name should have been before the voters. It wasn't. For some reason unknown the Democratic organization finally passed him by and invited the nomination of Mr. McCombs. Mr. Osborn seems to have been too polite to butt in. It is a great pity. Another time let us hope Mr. Bacon's example this year will be remembered, and candidates who think they are worthy will get into the running betimes.

As for the senatorial primaries in New Jersey, there is nothing to say, except that the Germans and the Irish wanted Mr. Martine, and got him. We shall see whether they can elect him. He is an absurd man, and ought never to have been a senator, even from New Jersey. So far as known, there is nothing absurd about Mr. Frelinghuysen, but heaven knows whether Jersey voters have the acumen to prefer him to Mr. Martine.

TO-DAY the world is caught between the lowbrow atheist whose poor little brain chokes itself blue trying to swallow Darwin and Nietzsche and the highbrow reformer, social and religious, in whose heart smoulder the flames from Torquemada's bonfires.

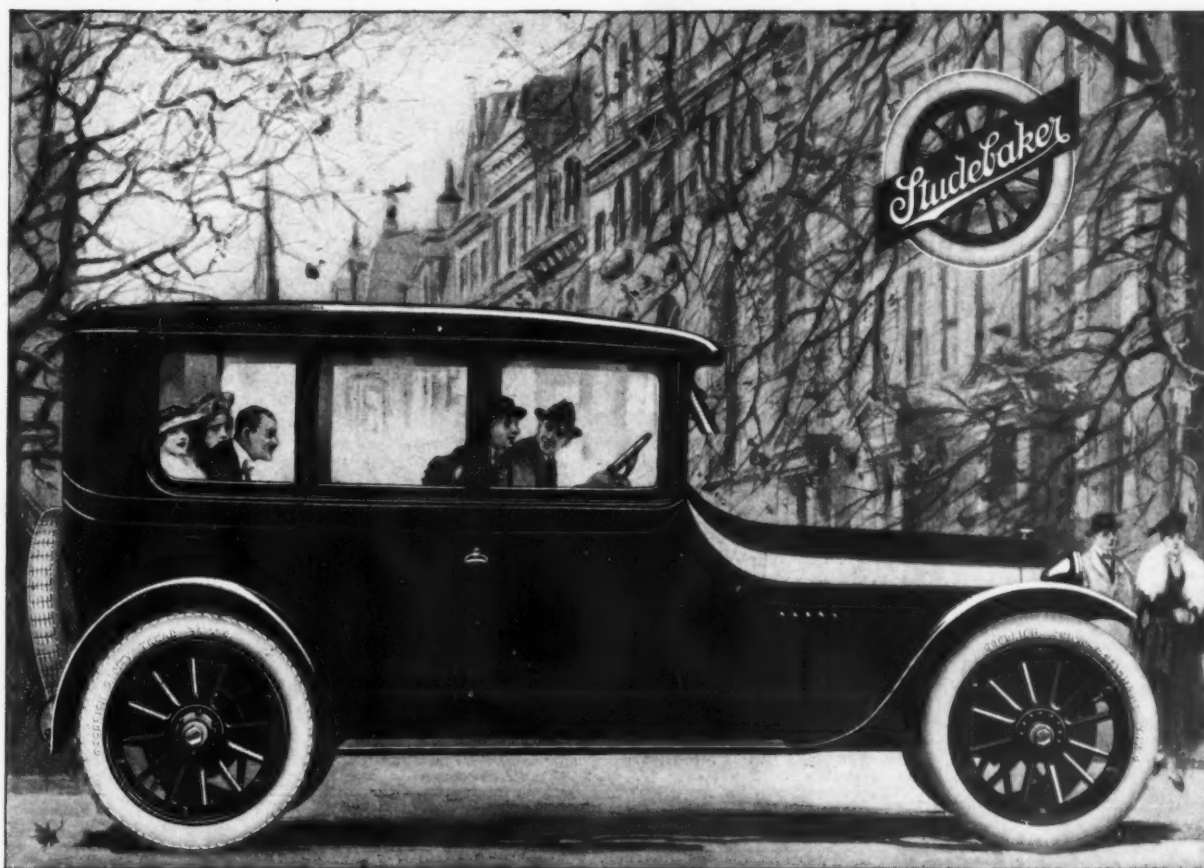
HUSBAND: Has that fellow been making love to you?

WIFE: No. It only seems like love to me after living with you.



"BOBBIE, HAVE YOU BEEN SITTING IN PAINT?"

"YES, MAMA, BUT YOU MUSTN'T SPANK ME. YOU'LL GET IT ALL OVER YOUR HAND."



Studebaker 50 Horse Power SIX Sedan \$1700

These are the reasons why the Studebaker chassis is especially adapted to a car of this type:

Power—In a car of this type, which is to be used in the snow of winter, the soft roads of spring, and on the long, sandy and hilly drive of the cross-country tour, you need **POWER**—and plenty of power. The Studebaker six-cylinder motor has not been excelled either in power or quick getaway since it was introduced, over a year ago. In crowded traffic it throttles down, with a seven-passenger, closed-car load, to walking pace, and in the banked snow, in the deep sand, or on the steep hill, it pulls to the end of the road without faltering.

Quietness—In a closed car you need the perfection of Studebaker chassis design to insure noiseless gears, and noiseless moving parts. Studebaker construction is an assurance of quiet, smooth-running mechanism.

Riding Comfort—To enhance the rich luxury of the fittings and appointments of a closed car, you need smooth-riding comfort; and the long, resilient Studebaker springs, and the perfect balance of the Golden Chassis, are features to insure this in the Studebaker.

Finish—Richness of finish and varnish work is desired by every owner of a closed car. Studebaker obtains the finish, for which it is famous, by 25 separate paint and varnish operations. And, whether it be in an open touring car, or in a \$2600 Limousine—Studebaker quality is evident throughout.

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All Very Busy

At a house-party at a nobleman's country house a guest said to the little daughter of the host:

"Your oldest brother is at the front, of course?"

"Oh, yes; he's got the Victoria Cross," she answered.

"And your second brother—how about him?"

"He's at the front, too. He's been twice wounded."

"And is your youngest brother, the seventeen-year-old Harold, also in the trenches?"

She shook her head.

"No," she said. "He's minding India."—*London Opinion.*

"BEIN' contented wif yoh lot," said Uncle Eben, "ain' no excuse foh not hustlin' to git de mortgage off'n it."

—*Washington Star.*



Voice from Next Room: YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN, SIR, I'M CERTAIN MY SON IS NOT IN THE HABIT OF BREAKING WINDOWS.

Taking a Chance

Andy Donaldson, a well-known character of Glasgow, lay on his deathbed.

"I canna' leave ye thus, Nancy," the old Scotsman wailed. "Ye're ower auld to work, an' ye couldna' live in the work-hoose. Gin I dee, ye maun marry anither man, wha'll keep ye in comfort in yer auld age."

"Nay, nay, Andy," answered the good spouse; "I couldna' marry anither man, fer whitt wull I dae wi' twa husbands in heaven?"

Andy pondered over this, but suddenly his face brightened.

"I ha'e it, Nancy!" he cried. "Ye ken auld John Clemmens? He's a kind man, but he's no' a member o' the kirk. He likes ye, Nancy, an' gin ye'll marry him, 'twill be a' the same in heaven. John's no' a Christian, and he's no' likely to get there."—*Argonaut.*

Growing

FRIEND: I understand that your practice is getting larger.

YOUNG DOCTOR: That's true. My patient has gained nearly ten pounds in the past few weeks.

—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

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TO the priceless artistic and epicurean gifts which France has lavished upon the world she has now added that characteristically French product—Perrier Water. It possesses natural brilliance and sparkle, and unrivalled subtle delicacy.

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Bubbling with its own carbonic gas.



"SCOTTY IS A LUCKY DOG. HE HAS JUST INHERITED A LOT OF BONES FROM HIS FATHER WITH A CHART SHOWING WHERE THEY ARE BURIED."



"OBJECT MATRIMONY"

Just Plain Mother

SHE was steady and brave when the roof got on fire,
And when robbers broke into the house;
She never grew faint on receipt of a "wire,"

Or squealed at the sight of a mouse.
When the boat overturned she was helpful and calm;

Her driving was daring and sure—
But she simply collapsed with a panicky qualm

When the kid got a temperature!
Corinne Rockwell Swain.

The Most That Can Be Done

MR. WILSON was distressed in the railroad controversy to discover that on each side there was "unlimited suspicion and distrust of the other side." It made him feel, he said, "that the real problem of capital and labor was to bring the two sides to understand and believe in one another."

To be sure, but that is too large a contract. Parties to a controversy almost never understand and believe in one another. When they do on such a large scale as the solution of the capital-and-labor fight implies, it will be time to beat the gong for the Millennium.

The most that one can expect is to induce capital and labor to understand and believe in some third party and submit to that party's decision. That is what Mr. Wilson tried to contrive in the railroad controversy, but finally he had to ask Congress to help him.

AFTER all, all the time the Republican speakers are talking about the Adamson bill they have to forego talking about Mexico.

Are they ahead on that?



Beware - of War-Baby Luggage

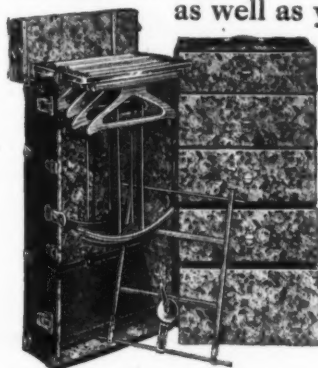
NEVER was the Likly trademark so important to you. Tempters now work overtime in luggage factories. They nudge bosses' ribs. They point to rising costs. "Skimp," they sotto-voce. "Play shoddy," they urge. Our answer to the Tempters is barred doors and windows.

The handsomest Cows, Oxen, Pigs and Walruses still send their hides to Likly. For Likly the tallest basswood trees sing their strong-timbered "bass." (O-o-o! *That's cruel!*) And mills get from Likly full price for their best in ducks, fibre and linings.

Every Likly trunk or travel bag is sired by Honest Purpose out of Rugged Materials. Nothing war-babyish about *that*.

New—an open-top Likly Wardrobe.

A trunk that waits on itself
as well as you.



A NEARBY dealer now asks to show you this new Likly Wardrobe. It has the toughest constitution ever built into an open-top trunk. Dreadnaught reinforcing, minus weight or clumsiness. Braced to defy the huskiest, bustiest Baggage Man alive. Skyscraper rigidity.

And talk about room! Why, 18 to 20 gowns or 10 to 12 men's suits just dote on traveling in this wrinkle-proof wardrobe. With top up every garment is at your fingers' ends.

Look under the hangers. That sack-like compartment is for shoes. Or you may use it for soiled linen.

Turn to the other side. Notice the position of the lock. Placed high so you can lock or unlock without cricking your back or getting a stitch in your side.

This cast-bronze lock is of the paracentric tumbler type. Exclusive. **STRONG.** Locks itself as you close it.

More—locks all five drawers in position. Locks the whole trunk into a unit of defiance to hard knocks. No catches to chip chips off your finger nails. No dowels. Lock opens automatically at a touch of the key.

The five roomy drawers are staunchly made. Removable hat fixtures. The foundation box of the trunk is of strongest basswood. Trunk and drawers are split-proof, warp-proof, crack-proof.

Trunk is covered and lined with vulcanized fibre. Bound with walnut fibre. Most attractively lined.

Prices of Likly Open-Top Wardrobe Trunks range from \$35.00 to \$125.00.

Or the dealer will show you a wide range of Likly Closed-Top Models at from \$20.00 to \$85.00.

Likly Luggage is the widest line of luggage produced to-day. Comes in every conceivable type of trunk or travel bag. Every piece packed with the ripe experience of 72 years. And every piece carries this brass-and-black trademark:



Send for our 72-page catalog. It describes the full line of Likly Luggage. Tells how to judge a piece of luggage. Gives points of difference between the "Likly" kind and others. Address:

HENRY LIKLY & COMPANY,
Rochester, N. Y.

"LIKLY" LUGGAGE

Asks no favors of the baggage man

OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



It Didn't Follow

A hungry customer seated himself at a table in a restaurant and ordered a chicken pie. When it arrived he raised the crust and sat gazing at the contents for a while. Finally he called the waiter. "Look here, Sam," he said. "What did I order?"

"Chicken pie, sir."

"And what have you brought me?"

"Chicken pie, sir."

"Chicken pie, you rascal!" the customer replied. "Chicken pie! Why, there's not a piece of chicken in it, and never was."

"That's right, sir, there ain't no chicken in it."

"Then why do you call it chicken pie? I never heard of such a thing."

"That's all right. There don't have to be no chicken in a chicken pie. There ain't no dog in a dog biscuit, is there?"

—The Wasp.

A Sherbet is made tasty and delightful by using Abbott's Bitters. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"That man you were talking to is under suspicion of being an anarchist."

"I don't care," replied Miss Cayenne.

"With organized governments heaving nitro-glycerine around the earth by the ton, a little thing like a crank with a hand grenade doesn't seem worth noticing."—Washington Star.

LEPAGE'S
GLUE 10¢
WHEN A NAIL WON'T DO

BACARDI TRY IT!

MAKES THE PERFECT
COCKTAIL—HIGHBALL OR RICKEY.

Folder containing recipes of famous Bacardi drinks
mailed on request.

D. S. DEJONGH, 127 Water Street, New York



Carstairs
EST-1788
Rye

The name proves
the quality

In the protective bottle—"a good
bottle to keep good whiskey good."

EGYPTIAN DEITIES

The Ulmost in Cigarettes
Plain End or Cork Tip

People of culture, refinement
and education invariably
PREFER Deities to
any other cigarette.

25¢

Anagynos

Makers of the Highest Grade Turkish
and Egyptian Cigarettes in the World



Logic

Sandy, the plumber, was working on a town job with an apprentice.

In the course of the forenoon the boss visited the job, and, failing to find Sandy anywhere about the premises, decided to wait his return.

"Where have you been?" demanded the boss when Sandy put in an appearance.

"Gettin' ma hair cut," answered Sandy, quite coolly.

"And how dare you get your hair cut in my time?"

"Weel, disna it grow in your time?"
—Tit-Bits.

DINER: That man at the round table gets much better food and attention than I do. I shall complain to the manager. Where is he?

WAITER: He's the man at the round table, sir.—London Opinion.

SEXOLOGY

by William H. Walling, A.M., M.D.

imparts in a clear, wholesome
way, in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

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LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
17 West 31st Street, New York

Ecclesiastical Discrimination

The mayor of a tough border town is about to engage a preacher for the new church.

"Parson, you aren't by any chance a Baptist, are you?"

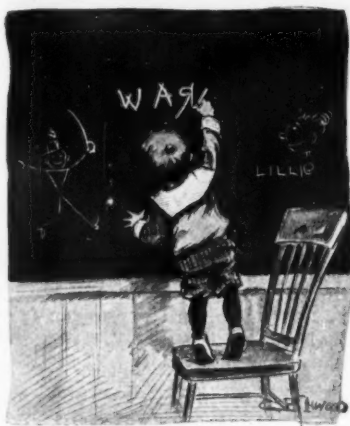
"Why, no, not necessarily. Why?"

"Well, I was just agoin' to say we have to haul our water twelve miles."

—Kansas City Star.

"PRIDE goes before a fall, you know."

"Maybe it does; but it goes a lot quicker after one."—Boston Transcript.



HOW TO END WAR

Candor

A WOMAN with a birthday in sight spoke earnestly to three Men who were her friends.

"To-morrow will be another birthday for me," she said. "I know the freshness of my youth has departed; but I should like to know just how old I appear in the eyes of the world. Tell me, my dear friends, if you were looking on me for the first time, what would be your impressions?"

Said the first Man glibly: "I have known you for several years, and you appear the same as when I first saw you. Your beauty is undimmed; your charm is undiminished. If I did not know otherwise I should say to-morrow would be your twentieth birthday."



GOOD taste displayed in all the rest of a man's attire will not overcome the poor impression created by loose, sagging socks. The Boston Garter keeps them snug and smooth all day.

At Stores Everywhere Silk 50c — Lisle 25c
GEORGE FROST COMPANY, MAKERS, BOSTON

TIFFANY & Co.

JEWELRY
OF PROVEN VALUE
AND QUALITY

THE TIFFANY BLUE BOOK GIVES PRICES

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

Said the second Man more slowly: "I, too, have known you for several years; but it seems to me you have been favored by Time. Your beauty has ripened and deepened, until now you who were once a lovely bud are a lovelier rose in bloom. I should count to-morrow as the beginning of your twenty-fifth year."

"And you?" queried the Woman of the third Man, who had been regarding her with clear-eyed frankness.

"Between friends there should always be truth," he replied gravely. "I acknowledge your beauty and your charm; and both have been wonderfully preserved in a semblance of youth. But you ask for candor, and you shall have it. Looking at you closely, I should not expect you to see thirty—after to-morrow."

The Woman faced the three Men who were her friends, and her eyes were gleaming while her cheeks' pink turned to crimson. She pointed an accusing finger.

"You have lied," she said tremulously. "And you, also. But I will forgive you both because you lied to please me. But you—" She whirled toward the last speaker—"you are a barbarous egotist! You have wounded me in order to maintain your own reputation for veracity. Truth, indeed! Your honesty offends me. We are no longer friends. Go—and quickly!"

"Whew!" exclaimed the third Man as he strode through the outer darkness. "I wonder what would have happened to me if I had really told her the truth?"

Ella Randall Pearce.

Improving Old Methods

ARE we doing all we can, as a people, to make our voting as complicated as possible?

At present the ballots we use are only about a hundred (or is it a thousand?) feet long. It is also possible for any voter, who has spent his life in playing chess and checkers, and calculating the declination of the prin-

cipal stars, to make a fair guess as to how to mark his ballot so that he will, all other things being equal and the wind in the right direction, record a proper vote.

But we ought to do better. We are young yet. Let us hope that, in the course of time, it will be so arranged that no voter can possibly tell whom he is voting for, on ten times as much paper as at present. This ought at



When Nature Turns Outlaw

*"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!—
You cataracts and hurricanes, spout"*

Thus King Lear, in Shakespeare's tragedy, defies the elements. But man, even today, cannot challenge nature with impunity.

The unsinkable ship goes down like a rock from the impact of an iceberg. The fireproof building is burned. The monument, built for unborn generations, is riven by lightning or shaken down by an earthquake.

There are storms which make train service impossible, which delay the mails and which close the public highways to the usual traffic. Even in the cities there are times when the street cars do not run, and neither automobiles nor horse-drawn vehicles can be driven through floods or high-piled snowdrifts.

Such conditions increase the dependence on telephone wires, which themselves are not exempt from the same natural hazards. Fortunately, however, the Bell System has faced these dangers and well-nigh overcome them. Masses of wires are buried underground and lonely pole lines, even the most stoutly built, are practically paralleled by other lines to which their business can be transferred.

Each year the lines are stronger and the guardians of the wires are prepared to make repairs more quickly. So each year increasing millions of subscribers find their telephones more dependable and, within the limits of human power, they count upon their use in storm as well as in fair weather.



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy

One System

Universal Service

The New Novel by the Author of
"The Salamander"

THE WOMAN GIVES BY OWEN JOHNSON

Here is a big story that Owen Johnson has written, a story of real throbbing life in the heart of New York, with a heroine so resolute that she gives herself unselfishly to redeem a talented man. Mr. Johnson transports you to a veritable Bohemia where youth and joy reign, and in those surroundings Inga Sonderson gives, and gives freely, to regenerate a fellow artist.

"The Woman Gives" is unquestionably Mr. Johnson's most mature and enduring novel.

Pictures by Howard Chandler Christy

458 Pages

\$1.40 Net

At All Booksellers

Little, Brown & Company
Publishers Boston

least to have one effect: the paper in the world being limited, it ought to reduce the number of newspapers. While, however, at the present writing, there is some doubt as to the ability of anybody to make our voting more complicated, the advocates of proportional representation seem to have struck it. In this proposed system



"WELL, I SUPPOSE THIS IS BOSTON"

everybody is represented. Nobody who wants to run for office is left out—except the one who gets the booby prize.

After all the people have voted, the man who gets the biggest number is put at the head of the class, the man nearest to him comes next, and so on.

This system undoubtedly has many advantages. As the *Independent* states:

It accomplishes two coordinate and eminently desirable results. In so doing it corrects two grave defects of our present electoral system. It ensures that each Congressman (Assemblyman, State Senator, Councilman, or what not) represents a unanimous constituency. He knows that every single one of his constituents wanted him elected. The present Congressman is painfully aware that many of his constituents would not have him, if they could help it, at any price.

But the best thing about it undoubtedly is that it makes our present system more complicated. This may seem impossible, but it only goes to prove that in such an enlightened era as this there is always hope.

HENRY VIII was a careless cuss in the matter of losing his wives. But he was a great king, and never forgot to order LIFE in advance from his newsdealer.

Most home made things are good—but draw the line at home made wine and home mixed cocktails. Have a bottle of

Club Cocktails

on the ice, so you need not dilute the flavor by shaking. Your guests will find the Club Cocktail flavor in harmony with the other perfected details of your hospitality.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.
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Importers of the Famous
BRAND'S A-1 SAUCE

REMINGTON UMC
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

BIG GAME RIFLES

Modern Arms for Your Big Game Hunting Trips.

GET your rifle dope from the old stagers who use their rifles month in, month out—and what you hear nowadays will be mostly *Remington UMC*.

Each "open season" the prestige of Remington UMC High Power Rifles reaches a new high mark.

Here are the *Modern Arms* used by seasoned sportsmen today:

Remington UMC High Power Autoloading Rifle—Five shots, simply press trigger for each shot; solid breech; hammerless, positive safety devices; take-down, simple and easy without tools.

Remington UMC High Power Slide Action Repeater—Six shots; solid breech; hammerless; magazine ensuring compactness, balance and absolute safety.

Ask where to get the best guns, ammunition, sporting equipment in any town or city today, and sportsmen will direct you to the dealer that features these rifles—the *Red Ball Mark of Remington UMC* on a store is the Sign of Sportsmen's Headquarters everywhere.

Clean and oil your gun with REM OIL, the combination Powder Solvent, Lubricant and Rust Preventative

THE REMINGTON ARMS UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.
Largest Manufacturers of Firearms and Ammunition in the World
Woolworth Building, New York

Embarrassing for Nicola

NICOLA MASTRELLA, Business Agent for the Street, Sewer and Building Laborers' Union in Rochester, was obliged to shoot Antonio Simonetti on September 25th for non-payment of union dues. Simonetti would not join the union. Mastrella had had him discharged from one job. He got another. Mastrella came around to where he was at work and said he would call a strike

unless Simonetti was discharged. Simonetti drove him off with a pickaxe and threw paving stones at him. Then Mastrella was obliged to take action, and produced his revolver and killed Simonetti.

Afterwards he gave evidence of a good deal of embarrassment, and, of course, it was an embarrassing, and really an unfortunate, case.

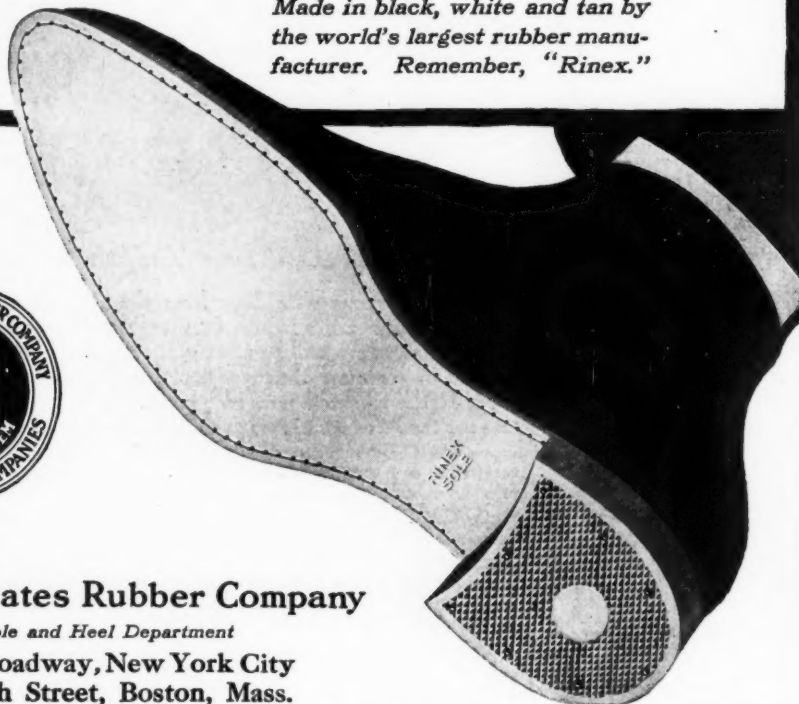
But what is a Union Business Agent to do when a mere common working Italian refuses to obey him?

Rinex Soles

HERE are soles for active men and women; for romping, shoe-scutting children—soles that will last and last and last. Rinex is a new material, scientifically made for the express purpose of shoe-soles. Rinex soles are tonic to tired feet. They give buoyancy to the step, and add life to both shoe and shod. Rinex soles are water-

proof, flexible and have plenty of spring to them. Yet they are not rubber. In fact, they differ radically from either rubber or leather. Tell your shoe dealer you want Rinexed shoes. Tell him you must have them—and, if he hasn't got them right now, to be sure to have them for your next purchase. And get them for the entire family.

Made in black, white and tan by the world's largest rubber manufacturer. Remember, "Rinex."



United States Rubber Company

Sole and Heel Department

1790 Broadway, New York City
60 High Street, Boston, Mass.

There's something about them you'll like—



Twenty for a Quarter

Herbert Tareyton
London Cigarettes

Herbert Tareyton London Smoking Mixture
1/4 Pound 50¢ — Sample upon request
Falk Tobacco Co. 58 West 45th St. New York.

When Our Children Organize

THE room was full of little girls. One rose and addressed the meeting.

"Before we ask for membership pledges," she said, in a clear, childish voice, "I want it understood that this society—The Society for Stimulating the American Mother's Interest in Her Children—is founded upon a desire to improve our country by improving its home life. Our opponents will say that, because we work in the hope that our mothers will spend more time with us,

we are opposed to up-to-date movements, that we are conservative and old-fashioned. We are not. We believe in suffrage, in socialism, and even birth-control. But we stand for an efficient distribution of time, and we claim we do not get our share. The society does not contemplate publishing a list of its members at present. We are going to work quietly. We are planning no campaign as yet, although I. W. W. methods may be necessary eventually. At first we are simply going to try to attract the attention of our mothers. Let our slogan be, 'Make the nursery attractive and your mother will come to it!'

"I take pleasure in introducing the next speaker, Miss Alice Jones, who can speak with authority, for her mother sees her so infrequently that she misstates her daughter's age to the census man and her own friends. I might add this, although it is confidential, that Miss Jones has had to deal with the Divorce Problem. Miss Jones—"

JACK and Jill

Went up the hill to get their father's copy of LIFE, but the newsdealer told them their father had neglected to order the paper in advance, and the supply was sold out. Wasn't that too bad!



Sir GILBERT PARKER'S

THE WORLD FOR SALE

A Romance of
Northwestern
Canada

Illustrated
\$1.35 net

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The Perfect Freedom

of the décolleté costume is given by this toilette requisite—

Evans's Depilatory

(With convenient outfit for applying)

—a fine powder which, used occasionally, keeps the skin entirely free from superfluous hair. There is no safe way to remove hair permanently.

50¢ for complete outfit. Money back if you want it. At drug and department stores, or send us 50¢ and dealer's name.

Geo B Evans
1108 Chestnut St
Philadelphia Pa
Makers of "Mum"



The Ostrich Vote

Oregon will go for Wilson by 10,000 votes. Wilson sentiment is in the air in Oregon. There is no war sentiment in this state. In fact, Oregon lacked 800 men of filling up her full quota for the National Guard.—From a letter to the World.

ARGUING from that, Mr. Wilson is going to get the ostrich vote. He may welcome it, but he will hardly approve it. The anti-war sentiment that finds expression in a failure to support the National Guard when that is our only reserve force is the same kind of sentiment that hides its head in the sand and says there is no storm.

The Dog a Menace

"Dr. Woods Hutchinson has declared that the city dog is a menace to public health. We wish to be absolutely fair in discussing this question," says Dr. W. O. Stillman in the *National Humane Review*. "It has become a popular fad to



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decry the dog and the cat. From the days of Adam down to the present time the dog has been the defender and protector of man. He helped him to get his food by joining in the hunt, and often prevented family extermination and starvation. He has been his loyal and devoted servant and faithful and unquestioning friend since the days of the forest and the cave. To turn the dog down now, without any good and sufficient reason, because of a scientific fad

or the mandate of some dog hater, would be foolish, unkind, unjust and inhumane. Mosquitoes are more dangerous than dogs. Infected drinking water and milk kill hundreds of thousands more people. Even the troublesome fly, as a carrier of disease, is infinitely more dangerous than the family canine. It is time that we regained a little of our common sense in the midst of this hurricane of anathemas leveled at the head of the innocent and faithful dog."—*Living Tissue*.

Williams' Shaving Soaps



This —

fellow shavers, is Williams' Liquid Shaving Soap—the newest form of "the kind that won't smart or dry on the face."

It's just another good way to enjoy the rich, moist, creamy lather that you always get in Williams' Shaving Soap no matter what the form.

Please yourself on the form—Stick, Powder, Cream or Liquid—the lather is the big item. Under its softening influence the beard falls before the razor without a pull and the skin takes on the glow and freshness of a massage.

Buy Williams' anywhere, any time, in any one of four ways and you'll find its lather never varies and never fails to deliver a perfect shave. Don't try to scrape along with a near-soap. There is a Williams' dealer near you.

Williams' Shaving Soap comes in several convenient forms:

Stick, Powder, Cream, Liquid
and in round cakes

Send 12 cents in stamps for a trial size of all four forms shown above, and then decide which you prefer. Or send 4 cents in stamps for any one.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, Department A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Add the finishing touch to your shave with Williams' luxurious Talc Powder

Books Received

Byways in Bookland, by Walter A. Mursell. (Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass. \$1.25.)

A Christmas Tale for Everyone Who Loves the Day, by Mary Stewart Cutting. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)

The Pastor's Wife, by the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." (Doubleday, Page & Co. \$1.35.)

A Soldier of the Legion, by C. N. and A. M. Williamson. (Doubleday, Page & Co.)



MODERN
SKILL
AND
ANCIENT
WISDOM

ALEXANDER, it was, who sighing for other worlds to conquer, succumbed to the charms of a woman—Roxana, while the Bulbuls sobbed their plaintive notes 'neath the star dust of a blue-black Persian night. With Tartar musk, civet, sandal, ambergris, jasmine, and rose, Roxana emphasized her personality.

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has simplified the task for the woman of today in presenting

Mary Garden
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Toilet Water, Talcum, Sachet and Face Powders, Rouge (Vanity Case), Massage, Cold and Greaseless Creams, Soap and Breath Tablets.

Sold Everywhere

RIGAUD

PARIS—New York

Lilas & Rigaud

—the only true odor of fresh lilac.



She was sixty before she played cards

OF COURSE, her children played but she always thought that she never could tell one card from another. One day when she had tired of reading and crocheting, her son taught her to play solitaire. Now she takes keen pleasure in almost any game that the young folks suggest. There are thousands of other young old people like her and perhaps the most important factor in converting them to the innocent recreation of card playing is

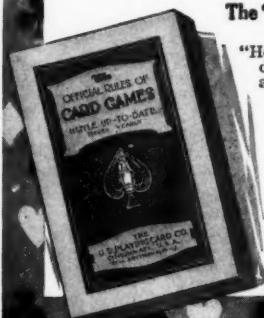
BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

Bicycle Cards satisfy and delight everybody. The beginner finds them easy to shuffle and deal because of their air-cushion finish; and helpful in learning to play because of their club indexes. The experienced player is so accustomed to their feel and appearance that any game loses its fascination without them. In every detail they have the quality that cards should have but they are so inexpensive that everybody can use them all the time.

Congress Cards—The de luxe brand for social play. Art backs of famous paintings in full color. Gold edges. Air-cushion finish.

The "Official Rules of Card Games"

New Revised Edition
"Hoyle Up-to-Date"—Settles every disputed point. Teaches you all the new games. 250 pages—Substantially bound. New revised edition. Send 15c in stamps and you will receive it postpaid. Address The U. S. Playing Card Co., Dept. C1, Cincinnati, O., or Toronto, Can.



The Wonderful Romance, by Pierre De Coulevain. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

The Charm of Ireland, by Burton E. Stevenson. (Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.50.)

The Man Napoleon, by W. H. Hudson. (T. Y. Crowell Co. \$1.50.)

Three Sons and a Mother, by Gilbert Cannan. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.50.)

David Blaize, by E. F. Benson. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.35.)

Loot, by Arthur Somers Roche (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. \$1.25.)

Davenport, by Charles Marriott. (John Lane Co.)

You Know Me, Al, by Ring W. Lardner. (Geo. H. Doran Co. \$1.25.)

The Purple Land, by W. H. Hudson (E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.)

Defenseless America, by Hudson Maxim. (Hearst's International Library Co.)

Leading Opinions Both For and Against National Defense, by Hudson Maxim.

Plantation Songs, by Ruth McEnery Stuart. (D. Appleton & Co.)

Rhymes of Our Valley, James B. Pond.

The Story of Baby Life, by Lillian De Waters. (Davis & Bond, Boston, Mass.)

Great Western Champagne

"Brut Special 1903" "Special Reserve"
(absolutely brut) (very dry)

"Extra Dry"
(medium)

Produced by the old French slow method of fermentation in the bottle taking from six to seven years of time.

Great Western is the Only American Champagne ever awarded a Gold Medal at Foreign Expositions.

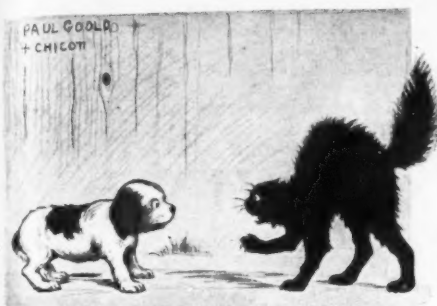
Paris Exposition, 1900, France
Paris Exposition, 1889, France
Bruxelles Exposition, 1910, Belgium
Vienna Exposition, 1873, Austria
Bruxelles Exposition, 1897, Belgium
Paris Exposition, 1867, France

Write for our free illustrated booklet which tells how Champagne is made.



Pleasant Valley Wine Company
Rheims, N. Y.

Oldest and largest producers of Champagne in America



HIS ARCH ENEMY

The Woman Vote

WE already have woman suffrage in many of the states of the Union. The result of this is to give us a Woman Vote. We have had the Farmer Vote and the Labor Vote and the Saloon Vote and the Temperance Vote and the German Vote, the Catholic Vote and a few other categorized votes for a long time. They have always been a source of bother to the politician, and now the Woman Vote comes along to add to his troubles. But troubles like these affect new politicians more than old politicians. Young and inexperienced politicians easily visualize pictures of these different groups marching up to the polls in formidable phalanx to register their political demands according to their own well-thought-out interests.

Old and hardened politicians, how-



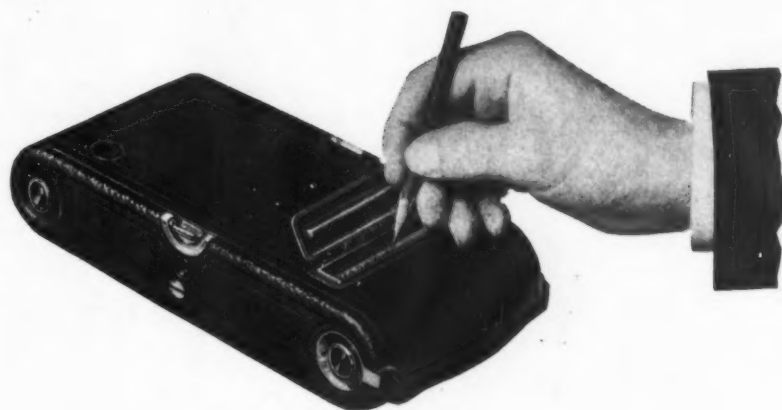
There is no more fascinating study than Natural Science. If you know what to look for, a microscope will reveal undreamed-of wonders in simple things. There are schools that have especially complete equipment for teaching Science.

The announcements of the best schools can be found in Scribner's Magazine every month. If detailed information is desired, address

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

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*Write it on the film—
at the time.*

Record the "Who, When, Where"
on every negative. It's the work of an
instant with an Autographic

KODAK

All folding Kodaks and folding Brownies
are now autographic.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

ever, know that these votes are mainly myths, hardly more than bugaboo catchwords which they use to "shake down" candidates and other contributors to the campaign funds.

Before every election much speculation is expended on what these various "votes" are going to do, but after election nobody ever knows what they did, and the reason for this is that they didn't do anything. That is to say, they didn't vote as groups or ac-

cording to the general interests of their respective groups. On the contrary, each individual figured things out for himself according to the petty little data which he found in his own narrow horizon.

And so it will be with the Woman Vote in spite of the most blustering talk of feminine solidarity. A sex that is so fond of changing its mind at the last minute will never accumulate much solidarity.



CRÊME YVETTE

(Pronounced E-vet)
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Don't be an old maid, or an old bachelor,
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tionally, they are all plain knitting to you. You have something new and fascinating to say on every topic of the moment. You do things you never dared to do before. You keep the dinner party amazed until the hostess, rising up, calls you blessed, and vows to ask you again.

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The Latest Books

ANOTHER "seventh wave" in the surf of war books has broken on the beach, and the crest of it is H. G. Wells's novel, "Mr. Brittling Sees It Through" (Macmillan, \$1.50). Mr. Brittling is an essayist and journalist of international reputation, a student of contemporary conditions and an idealistic theorizer about social progress. He lives in the country, surrounded by his family and a coterie of friends and dependents, among whom is a young German tutor for his sons. We meet this little group in company with an American who has just come over (early in 1914) to invite Mr. Brittling to lecture in Boston. And from the moment of the meeting until the middle of 1915 we become privileged observers of all that happens.

THERE are, in effect, two dramas running conjointly through the book, in each of which the Great War plays a leading, although "off-stage," rôle. One of these is the drama of the workaday awakening of England. The other is the less tangible, but more significant, drama of Mr. Brittling's mind, its belief in itself and in humanity shaken by the impact of the incredible debacle, struggling ineffectually to repair the crumbling foundations of its faith, and finally constructing amid the ruins a more modest but serviceable idealism. Millions of such mental struggles have gone on, inchoate, un-oriented and unexpressed, in the minds of our generation. The report of Mr. Brittling's struggle is only a report of progress; but it is one of the

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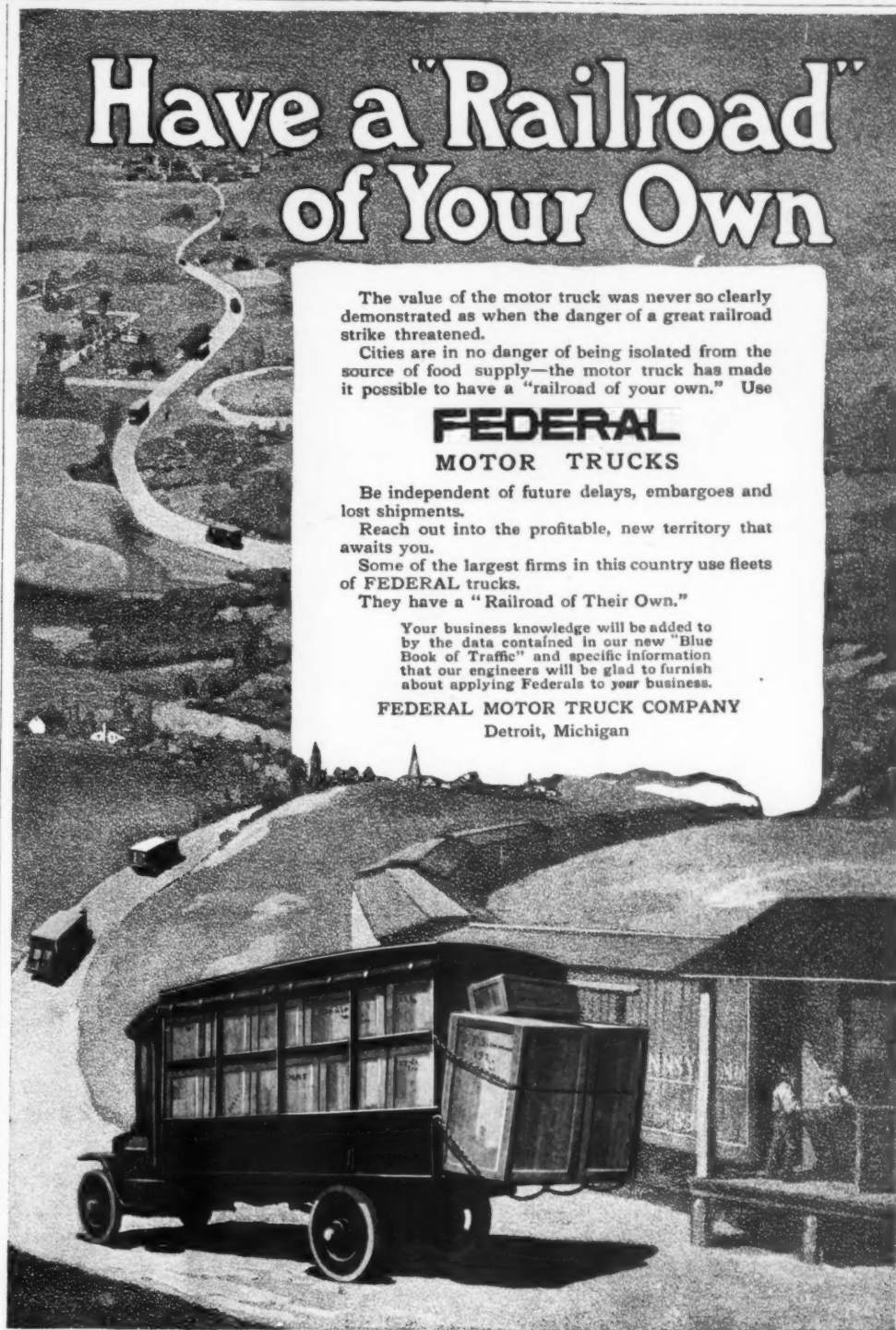
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HILAIRE BELLOC'S second volume on "The Elements of the Great War" (Hearst's International Library, \$1.50) is another of the new war books. It deals with the battle of the Marne—marshalling all the thus-far-disclosed facts of that decisive engagement and supplying as best it can the probable happenings still unrevealed. And while it is thus largely speculative, and pre-

sents us at last with something rather closer akin to a theory than to a history, it at least succeeds in clearing up that most persistent and elusive mystery of the war—the absence of any intelligible and graspable explanation as to how the tide of invasion was actually turned back from the gates of Paris.

NOTHING quite like Ellen N. La Motte's "The Backwash of War" (Putnam, \$1.00) has appeared among the eye-witness reports from the front. The

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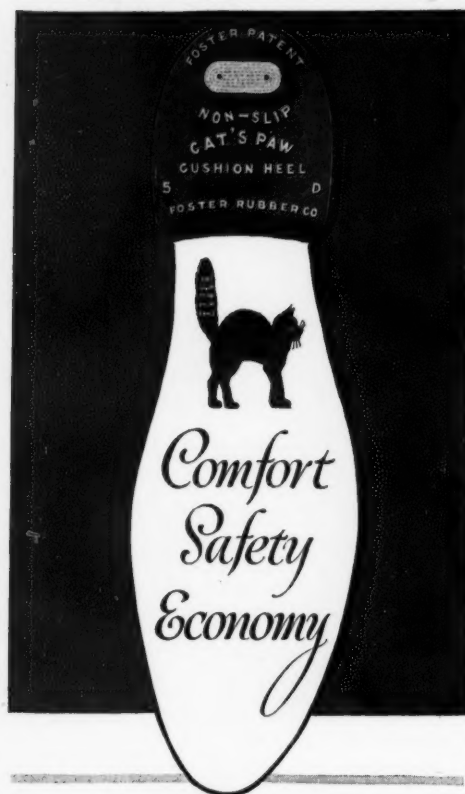
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author has been a nurse in a French field hospital, and for months has watched the stream of human wreckage that flowed through the wards, and has studied the effects of war upon the individual patients. And here she has grouped a series of gruesome character sketches and realistic type portraits in such a way as to illustrate and back up her belief that by examining the souls that boil up in the backwash of war we can gauge the progress of humanity toward the possibility of enduring peace. It will be a long time coming if she is right.

A NEW story by the Swedish academician, Selma Lagerlof, author of "Jerusalem," has just appeared in English, and is called "The Emperor of Portugalia" (Doubleday, Page, \$1.50). It is the tale of a peasant, distracted by the ruin of an only daughter and by her subsequent and continued neglect, who manages to protect his soul's sanity by the progressively ridiculous make-believe of a deranged mind. Like "Jerusalem," it is written with a lustral and limpid simpleness, not only of style but of outlook. Like it, too, it accepts as of equal and everyday naturalness the material facts and the mystic semblances of life, as lived by the Swedish rustics. And while it deals with an humbler, because more individual, drama, it none the less touches the hidden springs of our universal kinship.

J. B. Kerfoot.

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To get her copy of LIFE.

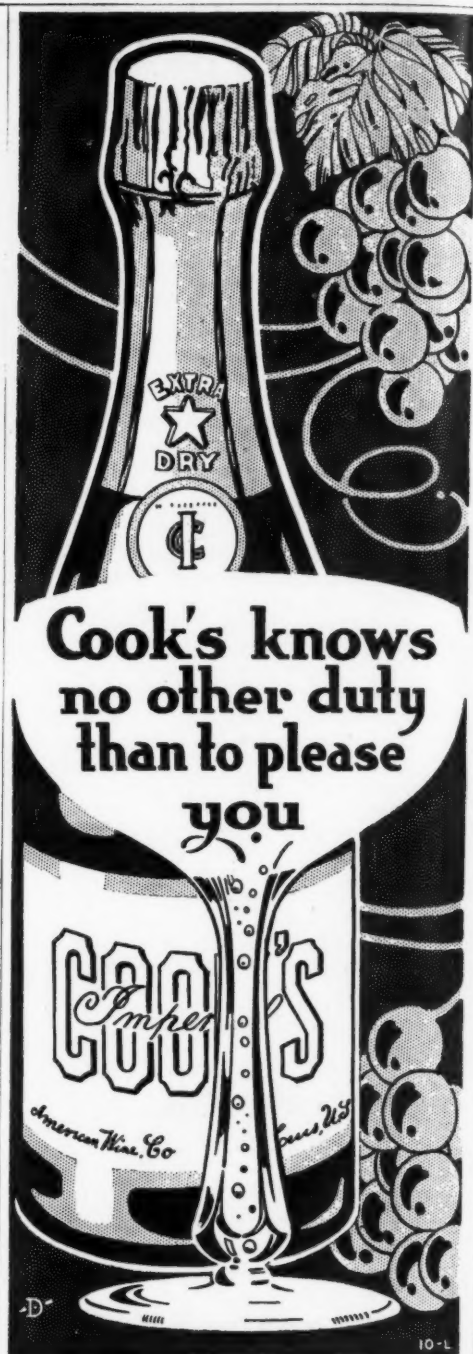
But when she got there she remembered she had forgotten to order LIFE in advance from her newsdealer, so, although she was a refined person,

Mother Hubbard was tempted to swear.



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